

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World*

Number 495

Week Ending  
SEPTEMBER 15, 1928

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## A NATION LEARNS ITS ABC

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### A LONELY WOMAN IN THE JUNGLE

#### THE ROAD OF THE CANNIBAL TRIBES

The News That Came Along  
the Bush Telegraph

#### A FRIENDLY WORD

We have just been reading of an Englishwoman going alone in a car across the widest part of Africa; now we hear of an Australian woman facing the cannibals of New Guinea.

She is Mrs. Doris Booth, wife of a planter. For three years she has been the only white woman in a wild and remote region known as the Biololo River goldfields of New Guinea.

It is many years since Mr. Charles Booth first set out on the dangerous task of staking a claim in the Biololo district. In 1924 Mrs. Booth left Brisbane to join her husband. It was a desperately hard journey. The goldfields are only about 70 miles from the coast, but those 70 miles are such as might daunt any but the bravest spirit.

#### Like Joan of Arc

The track Mrs. Booth took lay over a range of mountains covered with jungle, infested with most dangerous reptiles, where a traveller making ten miles in a day is exhausted at sundown. Many a prospector has left his bones on that perilous track.

Mrs. Booth set out with only a couple of boys, knowing that she was venturing on a road called private by the members of the cannibal tribes who inhabit that country. The immense jungle swallowed up her slight form. Like Joan of Arc, she did not look back.

In one or two villages this indomitable, gentle-voiced woman managed to recruit a helper or two, but the news had travelled through the alien country that a white woman was about to plunge into the most secret of the native tracks, and the natives went their own way to stop the journey.

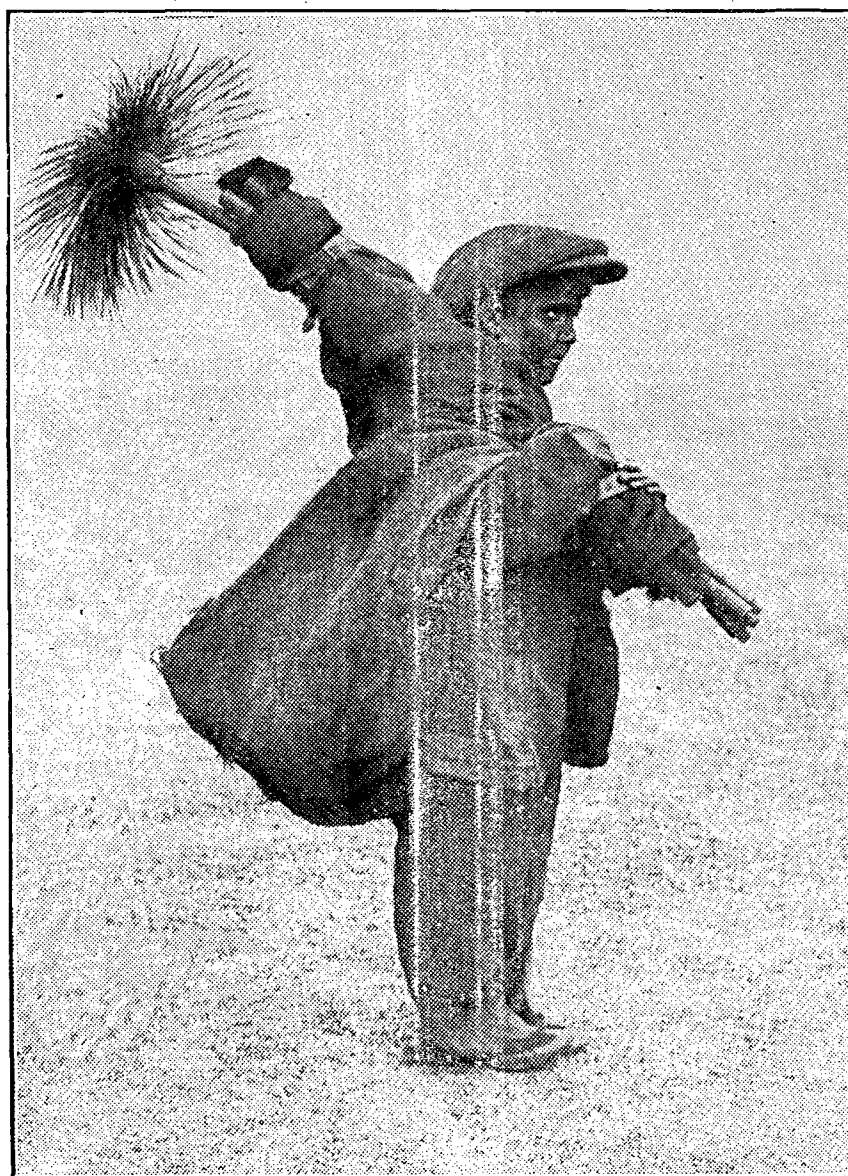
#### A Strange Note

By that time husband and wife had met and were finishing the trail together. They knew it was impossible to proceed without a guide. No native who spoke broken English was to be found. Search where they might in a village they could not discover one. They knew then that the chief of the village had ordered such men as might serve as guides to keep in hiding.

It seemed that the natives had won, that there was nothing for the white man and woman to do but to turn back. Then one of Mrs. Booth's servants caught sight of a villager whose face he remembered. Mr. Booth found means to persuade the native to go with them.

Before they had got out of the village they knew there was trouble brewing. They heard the strange note of a shell being blown and answered, note after

### Little Black Fellow



This little man comes from a carnival at Hythe, but in the days which stupid people call the good old times such boys were a familiar sight. They were the slaves of the sweep, who would sometimes light straw behind them to drive them up the chimney.

note echoing about them, and they knew the bush telegraph was at work. Their new guide told them what the message was; that natives along the track were being warned that two white people had kidnapped a native and were about to imprison him.

The party went on just the same. Suddenly the native boys uttered a warning, and out of the undergrowth sprang a wild company of about two hundred natives, armed with bows and arrows. To meet a yelling horde of men who did not forget that their fathers had been cannibals was the last thing Mrs. Booth desired, and for one moment her brave spirit quailed. She got her revolver ready.

The leader of the party rushed angrily toward them, his men eagerly awaiting the signal to shoot. Mr. Booth went quietly to meet him, and began to explain why he was coming this way. In the end he managed to persuade the chief that they were only making a peaceable journey over the mountains into the goldfield territory. The chief stood aside,

and the little party went on. A friendly word had beaten a revolver.

They reached the Biololo camp safely, and Mrs. Booth settled down to live there. The only white woman in the district was naturally much looked up to. There came a time when men thought she was an angel. That was when dysentery swept the valley and people died like flies. Mrs. Booth set up a makeshift hospital, and took the sufferers in and nursed them. Had it not been for her care a large part of the population would have died out.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Booth have been enjoying a well-earned holiday, and have been in London. They will have much to tell their friends at Biololo.

#### WORLD'S TALLEST STRUCTURE

A new metal tower which is to be erected at the coming International Exhibition at Barcelona will be more than 1300 feet high, or over 300 feet taller than the Eiffel Tower in Paris. It will have hotels, a museum, a reading room, and a wireless station.

### THE CAT ABOVE THE STREET

#### A BIT OF EXCITEMENT IN ADELAIDE

The Human Kindness That is  
Always Somewhere About

#### HOW PUSSY CAME DOWN

A pretty story comes from Adelaide to tell us that, go East, go West, you cannot get out of the way of human kindness wherever you may be.

One morning some people in a business house heard above the ordinary sounds the tiny mewling of a cat. They listened carefully, and tracked the sound to the cap of a spout at the top of the third storey. Sitting on the cap was a little tortoiseshell cat.

The cat looked forlornly down on the streets far below, up at the roof and walls, at the people at the windows who had discovered it. How long it had already been there, or how it had got there, no one could tell. It crouched on that inaccessible peak, intensely miserable, too terrified to attempt to get to safety.

#### Fire Brigade Called

The workpeople set to work to try to rescue the cat. First they held out a basket enticingly near the pipe head and called. Then they pushed a plank through a window toward the cat. But the shivering little creature could not be induced to enter the basket or step on the plank that led to safety.

Then a brave soul, a real animal lover, climbed out on to the roof and, at great risk of his own life, leaned over the coping and tried to reach the cat. His arm was some lengths short, and he had to give it up. It seemed as if the cat would never be rescued.

The dinner hour passed, and when the employees came back the little tortoiseshell cat was still sitting there, crying bitterly. They then told the secretary of the R.S.P.C.A. about it, and he ran round and saw the little cat, and he knew there was only one way to rescue it. He telephoned to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. "An escape to rescue a little tortoiseshell cat?" said a surprised voice in answer to the call. "Very well; it shall be done."

#### The Crowd Grows

In the meantime a small crowd had collected in the street, and many animal lovers were sadly watching the tiny mite far up the building wall. When the fire escape came the little crowd grew into a big crowd. They watched the ladder set up against the building and a fireman ascend.

The man went very gently up the last few rungs that divided him from the pipe head. The shivering little cat looked at him, let him tuck it in the crook of his arm, and came down with him, seeming to say, "I knew somebody would come."



## A CAT UP THE ALPS

### Pussy Alone on the Tops of the World

#### A LEGEND IN THE MAKING

The cat walks by itself, says Kipling, and now we know that it will even climb the Alps for the sake of privacy.

A short time ago some tourists found a kitten 9123 feet up in the Bernese Oberland. They tried to catch it in vain, but it followed them up the Blümlisalp (12,040 feet) and insisted on remaining at the summit.

Every day after that climbers met the kitten, which spent its time going from the Rothornsatt to the top, as if it liked to accompany parties. They threw it food, but could not get it to follow them to the plains.

#### The Kitten Disappears

At last a very patient and cunning Alpinist succeeded in trapping the kitten. He put it in his rucksack, and left the rucksack at the foot of the last stage of the climb, meaning to take puss and give it a good home; but when he returned from the summit the rucksack had gone.

He felt certain that the captive had made such violent efforts to escape that it had hurled rucksack and all down the mountainside to death.

Judge of everyone's pleasure when a party led by one of the guides saw the kitten on the Rothornsatt some days later! They tried in vain to catch it, for it is wiser and more wary than ever now, and it is shy of human beings.

#### Happy Freedom

"Poor kitten!" say the people by their warm firesides; but the kitten seems very happy. Evidently freedom is more to it than heartthugs and saucers of milk. Why it should love the mountains we cannot say.

What will become of it? The snows may bring it a death which Polar explorers say is like a pleasant drowsiness; or it may live for years, for cats are surefooted and hardy. At any rate, it will live in fame as the first feline Alpinist, and in days to come the Swiss peasants may tell a legend of the kitten on the Blümlisalp which was really a witch in disguise!

## PRAIRIE NEIGHBOURS

### The Goodwill That Should Be Everywhere

We are indebted to a Lincoln reader for a very graphic picture of the splendid neighbourliness of Canadian people living out on the prairies.

It comes in a letter received from the wife of a farmer there. The only child, John, was ill in the hospital, and the father and mother were called to his bedside during the fortnight when it was absolutely necessary that the year's crop should be sown. Here is the story of how their neighbours, without being asked, came to the rescue.

John (says our correspondent) is still in hospital and was not expected to live. He had two operations and suffered terrible pain. My husband and I were sent for, and we had to stay two weeks until he was out of danger.

We had some fine friends during this trouble. My husband and I were half through seeding when little John was taken ill. Fourteen neighbours brought their horses and put nearly the whole of the remainder of the crop in.

Others looked after my cows and chickens morning and night, and more friends came to finish my garden. I am sure we do not know how to thank them. They are fine people when a neighbour is in trouble.

So ends our correspondent's story. Is not that a piece of life, an example of practical helpfulness, that does one's heart good to hear of? Of course it ought to be so everywhere. And it is so in Manitoba.

## LETTERS ARRIVE BY CATAPULT

### The World That is Coming

We described the other day how an American aeroplane settled on the back of a running train to hand over its mail bags. Now comes the story of an aeroplane which is "catapulted" from a mail boat to deliver mails ahead of it.

Henceforth every three weeks letters may be sent from England to America by the steamship Ile de France marked "Catapult Air Mail: per ss. Ile de France, via Plymouth," with an extra half-crown stamp. They will be placed on an aeroplane 450 miles from New York and launched by catapult from the steamer's deck so as to reach New York 24 hours before the ship.

So the Speed Age goes on its way, and no man knows what sort of a world is coming from the mechanical wonders of our time.

*Pictures on page 7*

## WHAT CREATURES EAT

### How Little We Know About It

It is seldom safe to accept as true the charges made against animals and birds of damage caused by their choice of food.

Of course some birds, such as black-birds with ripe strawberries and cherries, are sad rascals for a short time. But they do much more good than harm.

The same mistake is made about the food of animals. Mr. T. P. Bellchambers, who has repeatedly written us notes on the animal life of South Australia, gives an example:

A sheep-rearer on a large scale in that State has been pleading for the destruction of all the wombats on the ground that his land would feed 3000 more sheep if the wombats did not eat his grass. But what are the facts?

Five years ago Mr. Bellchambers put five of these animals into a good grass paddock, but three of them died before he found out what to feed them with, though he was experimenting to discover their natural food. It certainly was not grass. He found that they would eat bark fibre, but not fruit, or garden vegetables, or wheat, though green oats mixed with chaff proved acceptable.

They were fat when the ground was bare, and this led him to the discovery that they were eating roots reached by burrowing. His paddock grass was left untouched when it looked most tempting. The wombat flourishes when domestic stock starve, and Mr. Bellchambers denies that they are rivals for food.

## THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE

### An Autumn Programme

We welcome with great pleasure the opening of the autumn season of the Children's Theatre.

This programme spreads before us an exciting spell of weeks during which the doors of the Children's Theatre will be open nightly, and for a very small sum.

The managers of the theatre, which is in Endell Street, not far from Covent Garden, think that they could take a birthday party, or a school party, with very little trouble, give them good seats and a rousing entertainment. They will let you book in advance one seat or twenty seats. The prices are from 6d. to 5s. 9d., children under 12 being half-price. The play begins every night at 5.45.

Readers of the C.N. who did as they were told and went to the theatre during the last programme know the pleasure awaiting them. The others will be wise to go while they can get a seat.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Brunel . . . . . Bru-nel  
Galapagos . . . . . Gah-lah-pah-gos  
Urumchi . . . . . Oo-room-che

## LONELY OUTPOST OF CIVILISATION

### More News of Willis Island

#### C.N.'S JOURNEY

Some time last year the C.N. gave an account of Willis Island, off the coast of Queensland, one of the lone stations of civilisation where a wireless operator is posted.

It occurred to a good friend of the C.N. to post a copy of the paper to the wireless operator on the island. He has now received it, and has kindly forwarded to us a letter which traces in part the paper's journey there. Here it is.

You will be interested to learn that the newspaper you sent is at last nearing its destination, after more than a year of wandering.

Another chap and I will reach Willis Island tomorrow morning to take over the station, and the present population will board this ship to be taken to the mainland.

This morning, as I was sorting the letters I have to deliver in the morning,

### The Newspaper Revolution of Tomorrow

OF all the wonders the world has seen nothing beats the newspaper. Of all the wonders still to come we may be almost sure that nothing will beat the newspaper.

ONE thing a journalist feels as he looks backward and forward in these days: he feels that the engine he is helping to drive through the world is moving on to some great miracle in the future.

LOOKING a long way ahead, what is it the journalist sees? He sees a day when the newspaper will no longer be sold in the street or the shop; these colossal machines will no more be printing them at 100,000 copies an hour. *We shall have our own newspapers, printed in our own homes.*

The story of the newspaper of the future will be found in My Magazine for October, on sale everywhere now.

curiosity made me open this, as it was addressed as much to myself as to anyone else.

The reading of the paragraph was indeed a surprise, and we surely appreciate the good thought which inspired the sending.

My friend will return with the ship, but I intend to stay a whole year, and for the following six months I shall have two companions, a meteorologist and another wireless operator.

During the winter months two men are sufficient, as no cyclones occur then and no forecasts are required.

#### Food For Six Months

Our food for the six months will be landed with us. Most of it is of the tinned variety, but we shall have fowls and shall make our own bread.

The island is isolated, but there is plenty of work to be done, and at night the gramophone and wireless set will chase away the evil spirits!

Willis Island is only 250 miles from the Queensland coast, being due east from Cairns, and away from all steamship routes. It is very seldom a ship is seen passing.

Tomorrow, soon after daybreak, the Children's Newspaper will be read on Willis Island.

So ends this letter from the ingoing operator. It is dated *At Sea, May 22, 1928*. We shall hope to hear from our operator friend direct in due course.

## OLD ENGLAND'S OLDEST BUNGALOW

### Discovery on a Strip of Mud

#### WOODEN HOUSE OF THE THAMES

By all accounts there were once two kings in Brentford who sat rather uneasily on one throne.

Can this ancient legend refer to the scattered little village of rude wooden houses, perched shakily on piles in the Thames mud, which stood there 2000 years ago?

After all these years relics of that strange little place, perhaps something like the ancient lake dwellings of Switzerland or the well-known ones at Glastonbury, have been found almost by accident.

#### Bronze Age Relics

As the bus crosses Kew Bridge the man on top looking toward Richmond can see opposite Kew Gardens a long strip of muddy foreshore, in what is called Sion Reach. Sion House is not far away, and all along the muddy bank perch herons. They were perching there before the Romans came.

This strip of shore has long had the odd name of Old England. Old it is, as old as any part of England, and Mr. G. F. Lawrence, the antiquary, has collected from Sion Reach hundreds of ancient objects, axeheads, swords, daggers, mostly of bronze. These are relics of a Bronze Age people who lived before Britain was trodden under the iron heel of Rome.

#### Hut in the River Bed

At the antiquary's suggestion, an excavation was undertaken by Dr. Mortimer Wheeler, of the London Museum, and Mr. H. V. Morton on this strip of mud, which is covered at high tide. There, as Mr. Lawrence had hoped, the workmen digging under his direction came on an ancient wooden hut with a wickerwork flooring. The hut had collapsed in early Roman times into the bed of the river.

But the pottery found near it was of a kind made by people who did not know the potter's wheel. It was handmade. It may have been made by Britons when the first emigrants came across the North Sea to East Anglia. The wooden hut is perhaps a relic of the strange lake dwellers who put up their wooden huts above the marshes in many places in Europe, and whose ancestors went back to the late Stone Age.

#### THE ELUSIVE WEASEL

The spectacle of four weasels carrying off a fifth in the Forest of Dean led our Natural Historian to express some doubt as to whether the fifth was a weasel.

But this doubt has brought us certain views from gamekeepers. They, according to a correspondent, hold that it is as difficult to catch a weasel dead as to catch one asleep, for stoats and weasels always bury their dead.

Our correspondent adds that his father witnessed a fight between two weasels which ended in the death of one of them. Instantly the victor carried away the body of his fallen foe—it may be to burial, according to the custom of his kin.

## THINGS SAID

World trade is in its infancy.

*Mr. Philip Snowden*

Can we not do more for Shakespeare?

*Mr. Ben Greet*

West Ealing is the Mecca of costermongers.

*A police inspector*

One-third of our people suffer more or less from deafness.

*A medical man*

There is nothing to prevent a man throwing away banana skins on the steps of St. Paul's.

*A London official*



## STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

### Water in a Time of Drought

#### HOW THE WHITE ANTS GOT IT

A drought in Africa may outlast a summer and winter and go on for three years, till the ground is as hard as a sun-baked pavement.

On such a waste, where not a blade of grass is left, there is one living thing continually to be seen—the tall beehive cone of an ant-hill. The African white ant has found water in spite of the drought.

On a North Transvaal farm the white ant's secret has now been found. A boring had been made for 50 feet down, but there the soil was as dry as on top. The boring broke, however, into a very curious thing, a tunnel driven downward by white ants. It was only three inches through, but it was moist. The ants had gone down deeper still and had found water.

#### Unsolved Mysteries

Their tunnel was a strange one, and others afterwards found showed that all the tunnels the ants dug zigzagged from east to west, never from north to south. Why that should be so is a mystery yet unsolved. But a greater mystery is how the ants knew that there was water some fifteen feet below the place where the human borers had given up. They must be the greatest water diviners of any living creatures, unless with their untiring industry they are prepared to dig down, however far, till water is found.

Their industry in drawing the water from their hidden well is as colossal as their determination to find it.

All day and all night a ceaseless stream of workers poured down the 3-inch shaft to the well to bring up water for their gardens (where the fungus on which they feed is grown) or to keep the queen's bed-chamber moist and warm. Half an hour the ants took to get down and come up again from the water pocket, and as far as could be discovered they never took a holiday, never a rest, and never a nap, but worked steadily without a stop.

## ALONE IN THE FAR NORTH

### A Student Among the Red Indians

Chicago University believes in letting the world know what it and its students are doing.

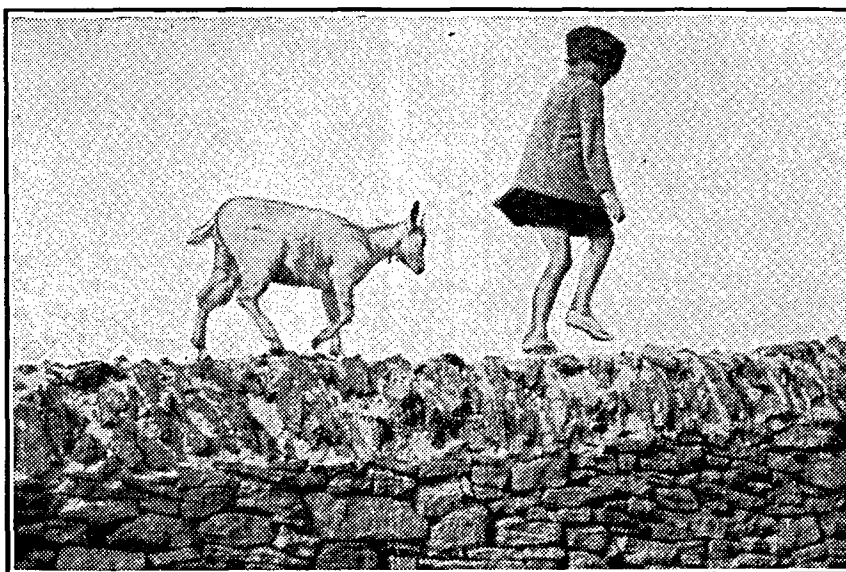
It has a special department, which it calls the Department of Public Relations, for spreading news about itself. The C.N. would like to see Oxford and Cambridge do the same.

The latest news from the university is about Cornelius Osgood, a young man who is going into the Arctic Circle for material for the essay which is to bring him a doctor's degree.

There is in the region of the Great Bear Lakes, in Northern Canada, a small tribe of Red Indians of Athabaskan stock about whom anthropologists would like to know more, and Cornelius Osgood has gone to find out. He is to live and work among the Indians and their Eskimo neighbours for a year, and his equipment will include a recording phonograph, 50 discs to register native songs, 24 notebooks, two rifles, an eiderdown sleeping-bag, and very little else.

Only six white men have been there before him, and Stefansson, who was one of them, declares that he would not go alone.

## PETS FOR OUT-OF-DOORS



Follow my leader on the beach wall at Burton-Bradstock in Dorset



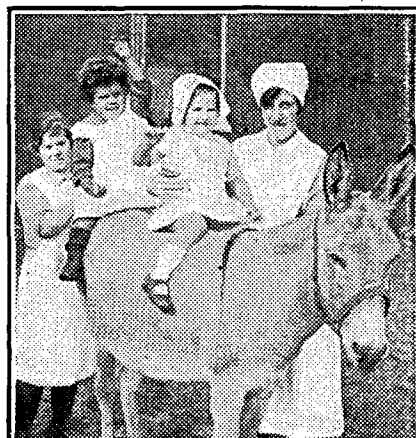
The tame otter begs for its food



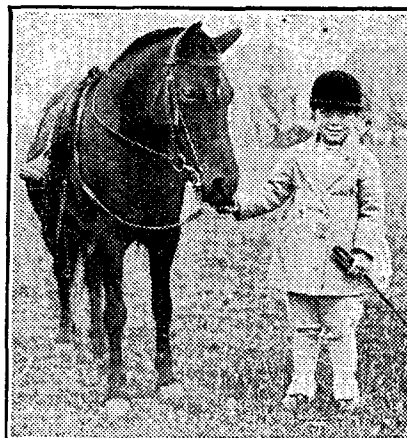
Mary and her little lambs



Four young lads at Chichester



A favourite with the children



Three-Years-Old and her pony

The most common pets are our fireside friends the cats and dogs, but many children enjoy the friendship of other animals which, though capable of showing as much affection as cats and dogs, can hardly be welcomed inside the house. Here we see some children with their outdoor pets. The otter is a most unusual playmate.

## FINDING YOUR WAY ABOUT

### The Little Books That Help You

#### WHAT EVERY TRAVELLER WANTS TO KNOW

BAEDEKER'S GREAT BRITAIN (Unwin), 16s.  
BAEDEKER'S LONDON (Unwin), 12s.

There has never been any doubt about the thoroughness of Baedeker's Guides within the limits they set themselves. During the war years and since they fell naturally to the rear so far as Great Britain was concerned; but since then there has been a complete revision both of the volume on Great Britain as a whole and of the one on London, and they are decidedly welcome.

No expense has been spared on detailed revision bringing them up to date. It is claimed that every place mentioned as of any importance has been visited. The maps are numerous and excellent. Frankly we regret the tendency to treat travellers in these days as railway travellers, but the absurdity of supposing that everyone who is sightseeing approaches every place by railway is guarded against. The Great Britain volume recognises the existence of the road routes by which the sightseer now chiefly travels, and does not confine itself to the little that may be seen from a train.

#### Answering Every Reasonable Test

Of course, it is as impossible to put into a single volume all the intelligent traveller ought to know about England as it is to make a complete map of the country which allows easy reference. Reasonable people will not expect to find information about everywhere and everything. What is aimed at, and what is successfully attained, is to point out the things most noteworthy everywhere, and to give suggestions as to their comparative interest and importance.

As a test of the Great Britain volume we took it on a round including Winchester, Bournemouth, Wimborne, Sherborne, Wells, Cheddar, Bath, Bristol, the Wye Valley, Hereford, Worcester, Tewkesbury, and Gloucester, and found it answering every reasonable test. The book contains an excellent plan of every considerable town and of nearly every cathedral. Its information about hotel prices proved exact. The cost is quite twice what it was 30 years ago at the same hotels.

#### The Lake District

As a further sample mention may be made of the letterpress about the Lake District. It is an excellent instance of compendious writing by someone who has full knowledge.

For a broad glance at whatever is conspicuously worth seeing in our country between Land's End and John o' Groats we cordially recommend this well-printed guide.

The London volume is equally good. Its plans and maps are excellent. Historic and personal associations are traced in abundance. Whoever masters this little red book will know London through and through.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Silver soup tureen . . . . .	£209
An Elizabethan spoon . . . . .	£22
Lock of Napoleon's hair . . . . .	£10
Letter by Dickens . . . . .	£6

A shoe buckle in the form of a brooch which belonged to the Young Pretender was sold for eleven guineas.



## JOHN WESLEY'S FOLK MOVE HOUSE

### THE GREAT MIGRATION FROM THE MANSE

Why a Thousand Ministers  
Change Addresses Every Year

#### GENERAL POST IN EARNEST

During the last few weeks nearly a thousand Wesleyan ministers, with their wives and families, have been moving all over the country.

At Christmas-time we often play an exciting game called General Post, but every September a number of Wesleyan ministers play the game in earnest. Everything that belongs to the minister has to be packed up. On his last Sunday he preaches his farewell sermons; perhaps he has to face a farewell meeting too. Then the furniture van arrives, a desolate house is left behind, and a strange house is entered. When the first Sunday in September comes the minister has to face a new congregation and begin his task of making friends all over again. This happens to a Wesleyan minister nearly every three years, and every year it means that nearly a thousand ministers have to move.

#### How It Began

It may seem a strange system, but it has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. It was started by John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, because the preachers he gathered about him were for the most part uneducated.

He knew that if these preachers were expected to stay in one place they would soon run short of anything to say to their congregations, and that both congregations and preachers would get tired of each other, so John Wesley moved his preachers every year, and Methodist preachers have been moving ever since.

In these days Methodist preachers are as well educated as any other ministers, and as well able to preach to the same congregation for thirty years as they are for three; yet the rule still holds.

#### The New House

Even if a Wesleyan minister tires of this continual moving there are some people who do not. The young members of his family look forward to it all with great excitement. It is like packing up for a summer holiday, only more so. What will the new house be like? (Probably only Father and Mother have seen it.) Will it have a nice garden? Will there be any fruit trees? Will there be a sweet shop just round the corner, and is there a park close by?

Wherever our little people find themselves this year we wish them well.

## THE FIRST MAORI BISHOP A Leader Among His People

For the first time a member of the Maori race has become a bishop.

At the New Zealand Anglican Synod last April petitions were received from the Maori people asking for a bishop of their own race, and now the prayer is granted. The Rev. Frederick Augustus Bennett has become Bishop of Aotearoa.

The Maori people are one of the mysteries of the world. They live in New Zealand and their name means native, but they are not natives of New Zealand. In the fifteenth century it is thought they came to New Zealand in war canoes, but from where? They are excellent seamen, and may have made a journey of more than 2000 miles to found a new colony. Many Maori songs tell of this great voyage.

It is said that every Maori is born an orator or a poet, so we may be sure that their sermons are eloquent. The new bishop has worked among people of his own race since he was ordained in 1896, and is a man well proven and well loved. Everyone has good wishes for the first Maori bishop.

## THE SHIP OF TWO HEROES

How it Drifted Across the  
Polar World

### WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO IT NOW?

The Fram is in danger, and people of foreign lands are sending money to save the Norwegian ship. She is one of the most famous vessels that have sailed in our day, and her name will be remembered when we are gone.

It was in the Fram that Dr. Nansen made his North Pole Expedition and reached the highest latitude then attained. The Fram was locked in the ice and drifted from one side of the world to the other across the North Polar regions in three long years.

#### The Fate of Amundsen

Dr. Nansen's expedition went out in 1893. In 1910 the Fram was used by the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition, and carried Roald Amundsen. He led the expedition which reached the South Pole, but he will be equally famous in days to come for leading a rescue party in quest of the Italia, the Italian airship which was wrecked on its Polar journey. Amundsen had quarrelled with the man he set out to save; but he went out on a quest of infinite danger, hardship, and difficulty, and he has never returned.

The Fram should be preserved for the sake of these two famous men. But she is rotting, because her timbers had to be so closely wedged to resist ice pressure that there could be no proper allowance for ventilation. She must be dry-docked and repaired at a cost of four thousand pounds, to be subscribed by the rich and poor who honour those gallant explorers.

Scottish readers will be proud to think that the Fram was built by Colin Archer, whose parents were natives of Perth. They emigrated to Laurvig in Norway, and their youngest son became a famous builder of Norwegian pilot sailing-boats.

## HUNTING THE GOAT A Russian Market Scene

A foreigner had an adventure in Russia the other day which seemed very horrible to him and very funny to some of his friends.

He wandered into the densely-crowded market-place of Saratov one morning and saw a goat pushing its way through the people in a great hurry. By-and-by he heard someone crying "Stop the goat! Stop the goat!" As the someone was an old woman the chivalrous traveller ran after the goat, thinking that it would be simple to catch the little animal.

But the nimble creature led the traveller out of the market-place and through the streets till he was hot and breathless. After a great hunt he managed to corner the quarry and drag her back to the market-place by the horns.

But the old woman was nowhere to be seen!

It was easy to lose sight of anyone in so great a crowd, and the traveller went through the market two or three times in vain.

The traveller knew no Russian, but he was interested in Esperanto, and as he had the address of an Esperantist who lived in Saratov he decided to take the goat to his house.

Easier said than done! Nanny struggled violently, dogs barked, and people laughed. Finally the goat lay down in the street. A policeman came up and accused the traveller of stealing her. Things were getting desperate.

However, by great good luck the other Esperantist turned up, and as a result of his explanations the goat went to the police-station without the foreigner. Let us hope the old woman got her back at last.

## THE LITTLE PEOPLE One Good Thing on the Stage

By Our Town Girl

I had scarcely ever seen such dangerous acting before.

We watched with bated breath a little Negro, Bil-Bal-Bul, swinging on the stage, now by one hand or by a foot, and then suspended by his chin! Faster and faster he went, higher and higher; and then, alas! he missed his footing and fell flat to the ground with a terrific bang. We feared the worst, but, strangely enough, up rose Bil-Bal-Bul, bowing himself out.

But before Bil-Bal-Bul came the Lady with the Fan, and when she had finished fanning and singing a sentimental song we were entertained by the spectacle of the triumph of Light over Darkness and the most perfect ballet dancing.

#### A Merry Concert

Then all gloomy subjects were forgotten, and we laughed till we cried over what followed. First there was Cuthbert on the Trapeze, and then came Mademoiselle Top-Note, with all the little tricks of a bad singer, the clowns with their comical donkey, and the great Bil-Bal-Bul himself.

We ended with a concert party, the like of which I am sure I shall never see or hear again. The pianist kept us in fits of laughter all the time, and how he glared when one of the guests had an attack of coughing!

Of course, you will have thought all these were real live people (I shall be very angry with you if you have not!), but they were only marionettes. I say only, but it merely lacked flesh and blood to make them human.

#### England Please Copy

We owe a great debt to Mr. Amilcar Mariani, who has brought the marionettes over to England, and to Signor Santoro, the most celebrated marionettist in Italy. The pity is that we have no marionettes of our own, for they are an all-the-year-round enjoyment, far better worth seeing than half the rubbish put on our stage today.

Many people have written music and plays for marionettes, including Mozart and Haydn, Goethe and Maeterlinck. Why is it left to the Italians now to carry on with this wonderful art? Surely it cannot be that we do not like to see our human weaknesses displayed to the public? It is one thing to be told of your faults to your face, but quite a different matter (and a much less unpleasant matter) when they are presented on the stage by these charming and fantastic "little people." It only remains for any C.N. reader to take the hint. He will find the marionettes at the Scala Theatre in London.

## THE C.T.C.

### A Cycling Jubilee

The Cyclists Touring Club has been celebrating its jubilee very modestly at Harrogate, where it was born.

People who think the bicycle has had its day will be surprised to learn that there are 1300 cycling clubs and over seven million bicycles in use in Britain. When the cyclist first came many people were very angry with him, and said he was driving them from the roads. When the motor came it was said the motorist would drive the cyclist from the road.

Mr. Ford made motoring a popular pastime, and Mr. Morris showed that Englishmen could do as well as Mr. Ford, but the cyclist held his own against both. Whether he could have done so on the old high penny-farthing and without the safety bicycle and pneumatic tyre is another question.

The C.T.C. showed the way to the motor clubs in the organisation of touring, the selection of hotels, the marking of dangerous hills, and so on. Long may it continue to lead.

## JACKO FROM THE ROCK

A New Friend at the Zoo

### A FEW OF THE RASCAL'S PRANKS

Our own C.N. Jacko seems to have a namesake who is capable of just such naughty tricks as are recorded on page 11 each week.

He is a Gibraltar Rock ape which has recently arrived at the London Zoo, having made the journey from Gibraltar on board the Fleet Auxiliary Bacchus.

For many years the people of his native place have been trying to catch the young rascal, but they have only just succeeded, and then it was a smaller monkey which did the trick!

Jacko was out after an early breakfast, and some R.G.A. gunners had prepared a trap for him. It had been there for some time, but never before had this knowing ape followed the trail of nuts which led to the cage—and when he did the gunner on duty was asleep!

#### Trapped

A small monkey was accompanying Jacko, however, and the little accomplice unwittingly led the way into the trap, followed by his big friend. Once there the little monkey scampered out through the bars and the door slammed. Jacko was caught.

But the large grey ape which has come to live in London had his full share of fun while he was free. He was the leader of the tribe (there are only a few left in Gibraltar, for they have had to be shot owing to their mischievous habits), and he was certainly a very bad example.

One day Jacko broke into an officer's wife's bedroom and played havoc with her dressing-table, finally making off with a mirror. Another time he caught a boy by the ear and tried to drag him up a rock. The residents are not sorry that he is safe in London.

#### A Good Appetite

Jacko is the first ape of his kind to be brought to the Zoo. He is seven years old and stands over three feet. His lovely grey coat and big, intelligent brown eyes make him an attractive ape. Carrots, nuts, and fruit are his diet, and so far he has eaten them with relish in spite of his captivity.

When Jacko was taken on board the rest of his tribe came down the slopes of the Rock to watch him depart, but the captain says Jacko was too far away to hear his fellows call good-bye. Jacko said nothing. Perhaps he will talk to the children at the Zoo.

## A FOOTPATH SAVED

### The Danger of the Highroads

The life of a public footpath has just been saved by a native of Dorking.

The Urban District Council wanted to abolish it because it cut diagonally across a piece of ground which is going to be laid out for recreation, and they promised to make a new and wider path.

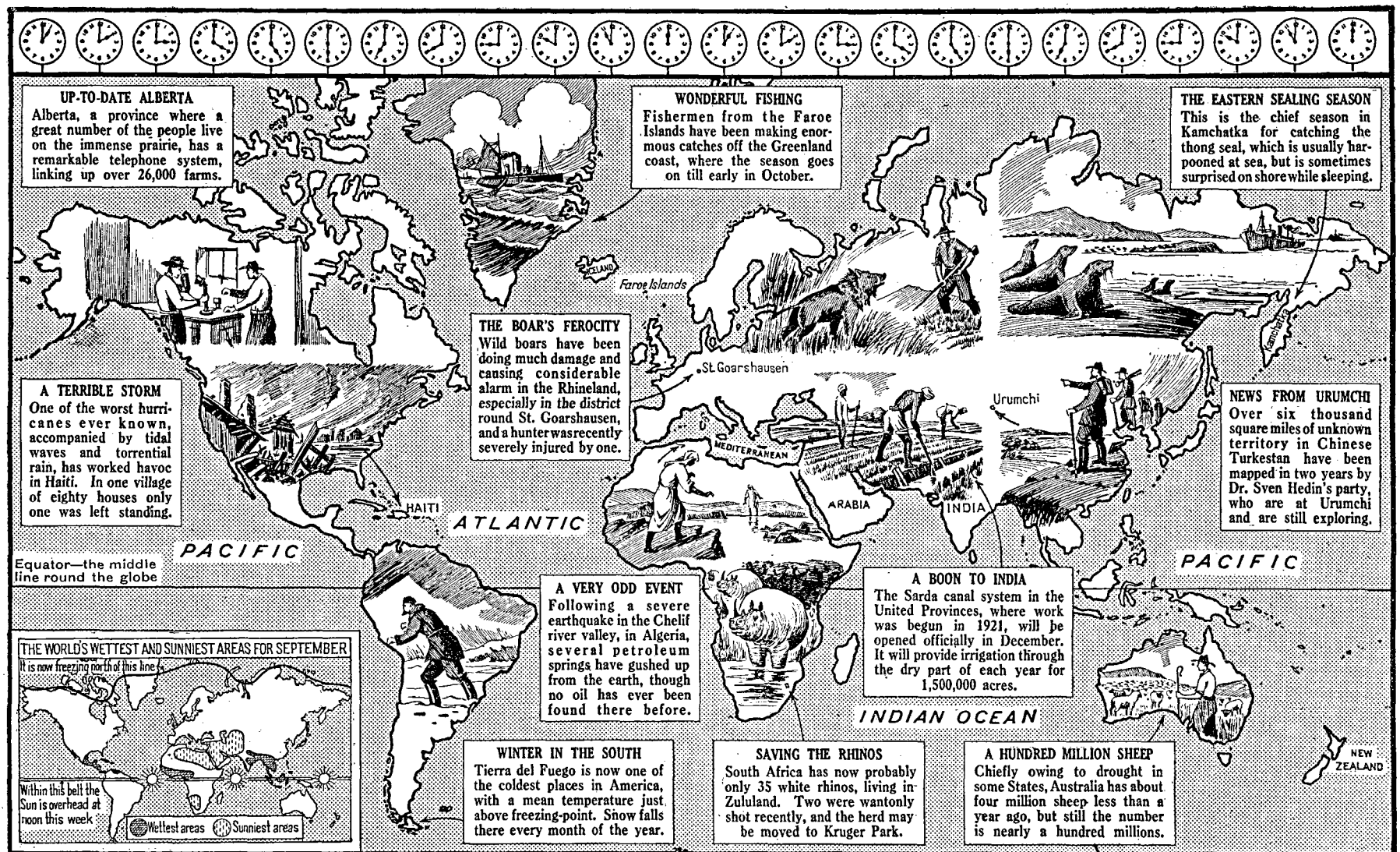
A jury considered the matter at the Surrey Quarter Sessions at Kingston. Up rose a son of Dorking and explained that if the new path were made people would have to cross the highroad to reach it, and that this would be dangerous for old people and children because of the heavy motor traffic. The jury agreed with him. English highroads are not safe.

Not long ago someone visited the rector of a country town like Dorking, which is now always roaring and rattling with cars, motor-coaches, motor-bicycles, and lorries. The rectory is on the highroad, and there is no footpath on that side of the once quiet country road. As he said farewell to his guest at the gate the rector said, "Well, I wish you a safe crossing!"

Dorking is to be congratulated on keeping its footpath.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## 800 YEARS AND STILL UNBROKEN

## The Tale of a Goblet

We hope all housemaids will read this.

After much questioning and investigation it has been established that a certain glass goblet at Coburg really did belong to the holy Elizabeth. After her death it was kept by the Franciscan monks, who had a monastery at the foot of the Wartburg.

At the Reformation Frederick the Wise gave it to Martin Luther, and he left it at the fortress of Coburg as a sign of gratitude for the hospitality shown him there. Its authenticated pedigree proves the goblet to be 800 years old.

Nowadays a whole tea-service hardly lasts longer than two years, and when we buy tumblers we are careful to choose a pattern that can "always be replaced." How happy housewives would be if housemaids understood dusting as well as the monks and soldiers of old Germany!

## LANDING ON THE WRONG ISLAND

In a little hutment on icy Esperance Island sailors found a letter the other day. They came from the Norwegian steamer Michael Sars, which was searching for traces of Captain Amundsen, but the letter was not from him.

The letter was dated August, 1928, and the writer said he was a Dutch journalist named Van Hogendorp and had set out for South Spitsbergen. The captain of the ship made a little mistake in geography, and landed his passenger on deserted Esperance Island instead.

"I have neither provisions nor arms," wrote the unhappy man, who must have thought that those who found his letter would also find his body. But the sailors searched every corner of the island in vain.

Later the Norwegian Admiralty broadcast the news that a whaler had chanced to call at Esperance Island and had rescued Van Hogendorp. So the terrifying adventure ended happily.

BERLIN FINDS A WAY  
Home Secretary Please Follow

The people of Berlin have come to the conclusion that something must be done to stop the din of a modern city, and they are beginning with motor-cycles.

Motor-cyclists with noisy machines are arrested and marched off to the Motor Traffic Office, where an expert explains to them what must be done to stop the noise. If the cyclist does not have the alterations made his licence is withdrawn and he rides no more.

There are good motor-cyclists and bad ones, and there are no worse enemies of a quiet city than the hooligan on wheels who rushes shrieking through the streets, disturbing the nerves of thousands of people and the sleep of thousands more. We commend to our Home Secretary this effective way Berlin has found of dealing with those selfish men who bring hatred on all motor-cyclists, innocent and guilty alike.

SAMSON'S WEAPON  
A Bible Mystery

A traveller has been telling us of a curious find he made in Palestine some years ago. It was an ass's jawbone, with six triangular knives fixed where the back teeth had been. He had no doubt that it was a sickle.

Thus one of history's puzzles is explained. After Samson had quarrelled with the Philistines his own people in terror bound him and handed him over to his enemies, but he burst his bonds and, picking up the new jawbone of an ass, put his foes to flight.

A jawbone of an ass is a strange thing to find lying about, and not very useful as a weapon, but it is quite likely that Samson chanced upon a sickle, for it was the time of the wheat harvest. Wielded by a powerful and desperate man it was a deadly thing.

So the chance discovery of this jawbone-sickle clears up one of the little mysteries of Bible history.

THE CASE OF TOM CASE  
Boy Who Was Knocked Down  
by Isambard Brunel

An old man has just died who was proud of having been knocked down.

In truth the tale was worth telling. Thomas Case of Newton Abbot was born 95 years ago. When he was a boy he darted mischievously in the way of a coach-and-four. If the driver had been concentrating on his horses he might, perhaps, have pulled up in time, but he was probably day-dreaming a little, for he was Isambard Brunel, and he was planning the first railway in South Devon.

The proverb says that a special providence looks after fools and babies, and little Tom Case survived to see railways spread all over the world and motor-cars and aircraft follow them.

## A SPORTSMAN'S LETTER

Englishmen may well feel proud of an incident that took place during the Olympic Games at Amsterdam.

Dr. Peltzer is a German athlete who has won many victories for his country during the last two years, but has received an injury. Nevertheless, he hoped he was fit enough to compete in the Olympic Games. He made tremendous efforts, but was not able to get through his heat in the 1500 metres, and Lowe and another Englishman helped the broken man back to his dressing-room.

It was a bitter thought for the athlete that he had failed the team, but comfort came next day. His opponents sent it.

Lowe came to call upon him with a letter signed by the whole British team saying how much they admired his pluck in trying to get back into form after his injury in order to defend the colours of his country, and how they hoped soon to see him back on the track in full possession of his great powers. It closed with a tribute to Peltzer's fine sportsmanship; and that was praise from Caesar, for the letter itself was inspired by the best kind of sportsmanship.

A NEW KING IN EUROPE  
President of Albania Puts on  
the Crown

Many countries of Europe turned from monarchies into republics at the close of the war: now a republic has turned into a monarchy.

This is the wild mountain State of Albania, on the east coast of the Adriatic, formed out of the ruins of the Turkish Empire 16 years ago.

The change will not make much practical difference, for Ahmed Zogu, who is now king, has ruled as he chose since he seized power three years ago. He calls himself King Scanderbeg the Third, after the legendary heroes of the Albanians in their long struggles with the Turks.

Though he is no democrat and many brutalities have been perpetrated under his rule, Ahmed means well by his people, and has done much for their welfare. A Constituent Assembly has proclaimed the change with much show of enthusiasm.

## LITTLE PEACE PLAYS

From Mr. F. W. Parrott, Kirkby Stephen, Penrith, we have received two playlets for children, one called *Humanity Delivered* and the other *Disarmament, or How the Cake was Shared*. Mr. Parrott, who is master of the Council School at Kirkby Stephen, and local secretary of the League of Nations Union, wrote the little plays to illustrate how war oppresses mankind.

Produced originally at Kirkby Stephen, they have been appreciated and acted widely. They have a sound educative value for young people.

Unquestionably there is an opening for little plays that can be performed by children. If they have a useful purpose so much the better. Such a playlet, called *A Pageant of Empire*, is published by Samuel French (Southampton Street, Strand) at a shilling.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 15 1928

## The Good Time Coming

A GREAT change is stealing over the world, though the fifteen nations who signed the Peace Pact can hardly yet realise it.

They have won for themselves, by themselves, and almost in spite of themselves, the Magna Carta of a new liberty. Instead of finding a way out of their troubles with one another through war they have bound themselves to seek it through peace.

That is no bondage to the common people, who hate war. The workman at his bench, the farm labourer in his fields, the clerk at his desk, never think of war until it has swept them into its barbed-wire net, and then they are filled with angry fear lest they should be dragged into another. The Peace Pact spells freedom to them.

The people it binds are the war-makers. These are (we hope we can say these *were*) the warrior statesmen who flung their shining swords into the scale of war when that was the quickest way of enforcing their will on other nations.

They will have to go a slower way now. There is to be no stern arbitrament of war, as the cant phrase of old called it. That avenue is closed. All the negotiations which tend that way will find themselves in a blind alley. The new statesman must turn all his thoughts and all his skill to finding a way through the door of Peace.

Peace, not war, is the end in view. The arbitraments of Peace may be hard to find, and hard to persuade the quarrellers to accept. With all our hopes of the world we cannot hope that envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness are going to disappear from it like a passing cloud.

Peoples, like people, can grow very angry with one another over trifling things, and will sometimes thrust their rulers toward the brink of war. But their rulers and statesmen, even their generals and admirals now, will not be able to make that a reason for taking the sword in hand. The easy way to war is barred. They must seek the road to peace, even though it be as narrow as the eye of a needle.

Yet we do not think that difficulty will happen often as the world goes on. To think of peace is to seek peace and peaceful ways. The longer the world is without war the more it will shun it—like a pestilence. The Peace Pact gives the world a long breathing space in which to breathe the pure air of goodwill.

It will learn how the Peace can be kept, and it will teach its rulers how to keep it. For in our hearts we feel that what has made the Pact an accomplished fact is the silent pressure of the will of the common people.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## What He Really Said

IN a volume dealing with British foreign affairs before the war there is an amusing story about the Kaiser.

The British Ambassador reported that he made a communication which pleased the Kaiser so much that he uttered a rather forcible remark.

"Shall I convey that message to his Majesty's Government?" asked the British Ambassador.

"No," replied the Emperor, "translate it into diplomatic language."

"In that case," said the Ambassador, "I will report that your Majesty has received the communication with satisfaction."

What the Kaiser really said was: "The noodles seem to have had a lucid interval!"

## The Stranger

We have come upon this little tale that seems worth telling.

ONCE upon a time a European came to the tent of a sheik of the Annezy tribe and asked for hospitality. The desert law at once made him the sheik's guest and ward. The Arabs thought he would stay a few days, but he remained thirty years.

Then one day a little boy asked the sheik, "Why does the man seem different from the rest of us? Where does he come from? What is his nation? Why is he here?"

The sheik replied sternly, "He came to my grandfather's tent long ago, and when my grandfather died he dwelled with my father, and now he dwells with me. It would have been discourteous indeed if we had asked him any questions, and you, too, must be silent."

So the stranger remained for life, and no one ever knew his history.

Might not some of us take a leaf from the Arab's book, we wonder, and perhaps be more popular for it?

## Things to Know

THESE are things you ought to know:

How to swim and how to row;  
How to ride a frisky horse;  
How to signal things in Morse;  
How to plant out garden plots;  
How to tie some useful knots;  
How to make a friend of all;  
How to tell a wild bird's call;  
How to make a hut or camp  
Free from wind and free from damp;  
How to make the best of things;  
How to live as blithe as kings.

Mary Margaret Jameson

## News from Dartmoor

All day the rain  
Has trailed its music down  
My window pane,  
And old Dartmoor  
Has flung his lusty songs  
Right to my door.

O Rain! O Wind!  
Your music and your songs,  
How wondrous kind!

Egbert Sandford

## Showery

There are two bath items in the news this week.

AMERICAN visitors have been complaining that shower-baths are not provided in English hotels; and shower-baths have been installed in the new casual ward of an English workhouse, where the inmates have described them as "slow murder."

Aesop discovered long ago that it is impossible to please everybody. The only way out seems to be to send our American friends to the workhouse and our tramps to the hotels.

## Tip-Cat

MOTOR-CARS are increasing in leaps and bounds. Pedestrians also are getting more jumpy.

WOULD somebody invite our neighbour to a course of How to Forget the Saxophone in Ten Easy Lessons?

A BUTCHER and a plumber have written a film play. Quite a joint affair.

A DOCTOR declares we should never regard a cold as trifling. Otherwise he could never make more than a trifle of it.



It is the man who is not asleep who is most likely to wake up and find himself famous.

A MOTORIST thinks the best thing about a car is that it keeps you in the open air. When it does not lay you up in the hospital.

CHARACTER is formed by allowing people to make mistakes. And the mistakes often take away their characters.

ACCORDING to a dramatic critic there are very few all-round actors now. And those few only go all round when on tour.

## The Half-Crown Gee Gee

WHEN we look on the bright, shining face of our new half-crown there is something about it which makes us think we shall keep it a little longer than usual. The something is on the side which, when we toss it up, we call Tails. On either side of the shield there are two Gs intertwined.

Why two? We shall keep this half-crown a long time to show to our friends, and ask them if they can tell us. One G would have been simple. That would have stood for George, our gracious King. D.G. would not have been hard to account for—that would have stood for *Dei Gratia*, By the Grace of God. And G.R., of course, would have been quite in place for Georgius Rex.

But G.G., back to back, head to tail? We give it up. We shall presently have to give our half-crown up. It will be G.G., going, gone!

## Wait a Little Longer

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
There's a good time coming, boys,  
Wait a little longer.

We may not live to see the day,  
But Earth shall glisten in the ray  
Of the good time coming.  
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,  
But thought's a weapon stronger;  
We'll win our battle by its aid:  
Wait a little longer.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
The pen shall supersede the sword,  
And right, not might, shall be the lord

In the good time coming.  
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind  
And be acknowledged stronger.  
The proper impulse has been given:  
Wait a little longer.

Charles Mackay

## Ordinary People

SPEAKING at a lunch not long ago Bishop Welldon spoke of the fine influences of Harrow School, and said that when he was travelling in India in a very remote district he heard of the unobtrusive Christian work magnificently and beneficently rendered there by two old Harrovians.

The example of these men had been of the greatest service to the community. "I often think of these two (the Bishop confessed). Neither famous nor brilliant in their school days, they gave of their very best, and it is a continually helpful thought."

Strangely enough, we went from that luncheon to the home of an English novelist who lies seriously ill. She confessed to us that she drew her deepest inspiration in her great fight to be cheerful from the memory of wounded soldiers she had visited in the war, Tommies lying in pain and discomfort, yet ever gay and gallant, refusing to be cast down. "I think of what they bore," said she, "and it strengthens me, and I strive to imitate them in their indomitable courage."

So, within a few hours, two fine, sensitive minds, highly esteemed in their generation, gave testimony to the living power of faithful lives.

## A Prayer for Us All

Our Father in Heaven,  
We pray Thee to send into our hearts,  
And into the hearts of all men everywhere,

The Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The prayer of John Oxenham's  
Man Who Would Save the World

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A CHICAGO citizen has given £10,000 to Liverpool Cathedral.

FOUR Lancashire men starting partnership at Denton in 1867 are still working together.

THE partridge season opened very badly for the men.



## A NATION GOES TO SCHOOL AGAIN

### TURKEY LEARNING HER A B C

#### Kemal Pasha's Latest Decree for the People

#### AN ALPHABET PASSING AWAY

One of the finest examples of the unconquerableness of the human race is shown in Turkey just now.

The Government has issued a hundred thousand grammar books, and everybody is learning the A B C.

Turkey is going to school, learning her A B C. Mustapha Kemal Pasha has decided that one of the reasons why so many Turks cannot read and write is that the Arabic characters in their books are not so easy to learn or so expressive as the Latin characters, the letters in which the C.N. is printed.

#### Schoolmasters of Europe

Mustapha Kemal, having made up his mind on this point and being perfectly satisfied that this course is the best for Turkey, has gone ahead with his reform in a characteristic fashion. In two years, he says, anybody in Turkey must be able to read and write in Latin characters. He himself is leading the reform so diligently that he refuses even to look at a newspaper printed in Arabic letters.

When Europe was in her infancy and England was emerging from the Dark Ages a handful of scholar monks went out into the East to learn to count as the Arabs did. The Arabs were for a time the schoolmasters of Europe. During the centuries they were in Spain they established an enlightenment of mind, a standard of learning, a grasp of science, which was nothing short of a miracle. When they went out of Spain centuries of superstition and ignorance closed like a dark cloud on the light the Arabs had brought there.

#### Arabic Figures

But in the meantime, although the Arabs had gone, scraps of their learning stayed, and their system of writing figures, learned painfully by those few English scholar monks, had come to England to stay. So it is we use Latin characters in our words and write our figures in Arabic characters. Latin figures are for the most part only used now in chapter headings of the Bible and devotional books, and when it is necessary to make a distinction between two groups of figures.

Mustapha Kemal has not said what he is going to do about figures. He will probably keep to the Arabic, as Europeans do. He made a stirring speech about his reform at a great gathering on Point Seria, at the entrance to the Golden Horn, which seems to be a romantic place to talk about A B C.

#### The Old and New Alphabets

In the course of the speech he spoke of the Latin characters as the New Turkish alphabet. As eighty per cent of the Turks cannot read or write, any alphabet is the same to them, and the rest will not care what their new A B C is called so long as they get it learned in time to please Mustapha Kemal. As there are 482 characters in their old alphabet and only 29 in the new they will soon be pleased.

The old Arab scholars would have shuddered to hear the Golden Horn speech, but Kemal Pasha knows his own mind and what is best for his people, and he is acting accordingly. The Eastern salaam has gone; he makes the Turks lift their hats like Europeans. The Eastern alphabet is going; and we watch with great interest for the result of it all, and for the next move of this indefatigable man.

## THE SEA-CHEST OF CAPTAIN COOK

Who does not know the feeling of romance and the desire for travel stirring within us when we see a travelling-chest with labels from all parts of the world?

There is one chest which has no labels and is old and battered, but it is probably the most illustrious chest that could be found. For years it has been hidden away in a quiet house, but it has resumed its travels once more, though on nothing like the scale it once knew. It is the sea-chest of Captain Cook.

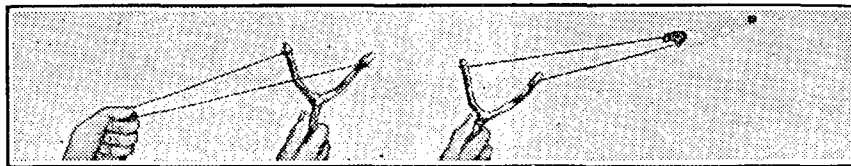
It has lately passed from a house in Birmingham to a London sale room, and has travelled still farther.

The story of the chest is a long and chequered one. We are assured that

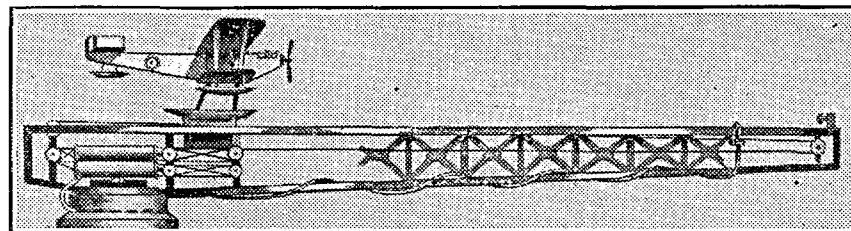
after one of his voyages to the Antipodes Captain Cook presented this chest to his friend Captain Joseph Bilcliffe, of Usselby in Lincolnshire. Captain Bilcliffe, who was a soldier, gave the chest to a friend, whose father, Captain John Elliott, is said to have been with Cook on some of his voyages. This was the last seafaring family to which the chest belonged. It now passed into the possession of William Alcock, of Usselby Hall, Lincolnshire, and from him went to John Stafford, of Market Rasen, whose widow gave the chest to her sister, Mrs. G. F. Playforth, of Birmingham.

This changeful career of the old chest has been carefully checked, so that there seems no doubt about it.

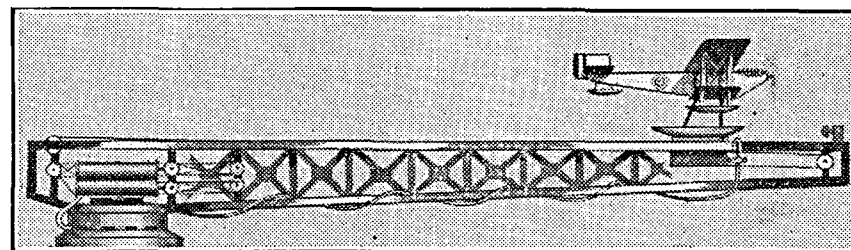
## LAUNCHING A PLANE BY CATAPULT



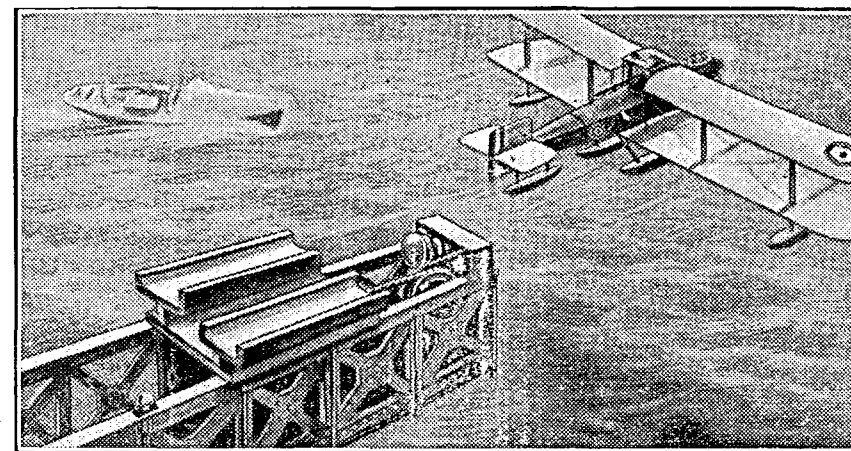
A boy's catapult, which illustrates the principle of the aeroplane catapult



The aeroplane on the runway



The trolley, carrying the aeroplane, is shot forward by hydraulic machinery



The trolley stops suddenly, and the aeroplane shoots forward, rising under its own power

Letters for America can now be sent by catapult air mail, and thus reach their destination 24 hours earlier than by the usual methods, as mentioned on page 2. These pictures show us how an aeroplane is launched by catapult from the deck of a ship.

## THE OLD LADY OF STOCKHOLM

A travelling correspondent of the C.N. who was present at the International X-ray Congress in Stockholm sends us this story of an old lady he saw there.

OUTSIDE a big hotel in Stockholm an old Swedish woman wearing peasant clothes paced up and down, carrying a little tray.

On the tray were two dolls, both dressed, like herself, in the gaily-coloured costume of the countryside. They were very jolly dolls. The little garments they wore were sewn by hand, but not very neatly; the stitches suggested that the hand of the sewer was perhaps getting old and shaky.

Some visitors to the city stopped to buy the two dolls, and were astonished

to see the old woman kiss both their faces tenderly before wrapping them up. Then she turned away with the money and the empty tray, and the visitors, looking round, were astonished to find that the poor old woman was crying.

It was all too clear what had happened. She had dressed the dolls herself, and in working over them had grown to be fond of them. Perhaps when she was a young woman she had stitched away at many dolls, and had been too active and busy to mind parting with them, but now she would not be able to make clothes for many more (she was such a very old peasant woman), and so she clung to her sawdust children and wept to see them go.

## RUSSIAN JACK

### A HERO AND HIS WHEELBARROW

#### A Tale of Life as it Really is in Australian Wilds

#### THE GOLDEN HEART IN SEARCH OF GOLD

By Our Outpost Correspondent in Australia

We think it well worth while to send round the world this true story of Russian Jack, sent to us from her lonely outpost in Australia by Mrs. Daisy Bates.

Russian Jack came from some Russian seaport in the late eighties. I tell his story (writes Mrs. Bates) in the hope that it may give some people kindlier ideas of some Russians.

He was a tall, hefty man, with a voice like a Bull of Bashan, and he knew only about half a dozen words of English when he first arrived in Western Australia.

Following the lure of gold, he found his way northward to the Kimberley district with an Australian mate. No one knew Russian Jack by any other name. He and his mate worked round the Derby area, paying their way and keeping their end up; and whatever distance they might be from the Derby or Broome townships Jack trolled his wheelbarrow in for supplies, leaving his less hefty mate at the gold workings.

#### A Wheelbarrow Ambulance

One day, when he had returned with a barrowload of fresh supplies, Jack found his mate down with fever. Tender as he was huge, Jack nursed his mate with the devotion of a true friend. When, with no avail, he had tried on him all the patent medicines of the camp he said in his big voice, "I will take you to Broome to see a doctor."

His mate protested, but Jack did not argue. He made his wheelbarrow into a sort of ambulance, fixed a place to hold some rations and a gun, put his mate to rest on the improvised bed, and started to wheel him nearly 150 miles!

#### Seven Years Later

Over rough and smooth country, by dry creeks and by river crossings haunted by alligators, Jack trundled his sick mate, resting when his patient was fatigued, cheerily nursing and feeding him, and he brought him triumphantly into Broome and saved his life.

I heard of Russian Jack's feat on my first visit to Broome in 1900. Seven years later, travelling up the Murchison district in Mid-Western Australia, at about 25 miles from the Peak Hill goldfields, we had stopped our buggy to bait and rest when out from a bush camp stepped a big, burly man with a huge melon in his hands, and from his mouth boomed the words: "Melon very good, lady; you like rest and eat?" In a moment I thought of Russian Jack, and, sure enough, it was he. But no answer would he give to my questions about his work of love for his mate; all I could persuade him to say was "That was long time ago—that was nothing."

#### Jack's Last Journey

His mate had married and settled down, and Jack was cultivating a vegetable garden for the Peak Hill goldfields, and was in charge of the coach horses plying between the gold area and the coast. Still he kept his good name with everybody, and helped many a "down-and-outer." His death came very suddenly in 1909. Going into Perth on business, he died in the hospital within a week of pneumonia.

In honesty, in singleness of purpose, in the clean simplicity of his life and his religion, this Russian Jack was a great man, but greatest in his ideal of the real friendship that means so much when men are thrown together far back in a continental interior like Australia.



## THE TRUE TALE OF TOM SMITH

### A Little Encouragement For the Unemployed

#### HELP FROM COOK

We know from our postbag that the C.N. sometimes reaches the eyes of the man out of work, and we gladly give this true story of a man who was giving up his last hope of ever obtaining employment again.

He, Tom Smith, had been caught in the net of the Great War just at the time when he would normally have been joining a trade. He went through the war years in the army and served afterwards in Ireland for a time, but he had been gassed and wounded and was not equal to very much. He left the army to have an operation for his wound, and then the trouble began. He could not find anything to do, and he was quite unskilled in any trade.

#### A Wonderful Thing Happens

It is easy to think of plenty of things that Smith might have got on with, but his is a real story, and, not being a particularly brilliant person, he thought of none of them. He did not, for instance, borrow a pound or two and take cookery lessons; he just went to live with his old mother, and wore his spirits down by writing endless answers to advertisements. He got no replies and no encouragement. Picture him wondering why the postman always passed his door, helping to wile the day away by washing up for his mother, while the one suit he possessed got shabbier and shabbier.

Then a wonderful thing happened to Smith. He fell in love, and she was a cook in a pretty little village far away from Portsmouth, where so many sullen-looking men without a job line Commercial Road day after day. She summoned him to come and stay for a week in a cottage lodging she had found for him, and to look round.

#### A Job on the Roads

The chapel minister proved a stalwart friend; and very soon Smith was working in a garden on a bit of temporary digging. This did not last very long, and again his heart almost failed. But because the gallant little cook insisted that he should stay on just another week and look round he did manage to get a job on the roads, which he obtained because he could truthfully give for his address a house in that neighbourhood, local men only being engaged for the work.

So now behold Tom Smith sifting gravel, doing tarring, and so on, with a healthy colour in his cheeks and a new light in his eyes, and any amount of green fields to look at instead of a jostling crowd with gloomy faces.

In the hope it may encourage somebody to try again and to look elsewhere we publish this real experience.

#### A CAT AND A BIRD

A Suffolk reader sends us an account of a curious friendship between her cat Tom and a pigeon known in the family by the name of Edgar.

They are inseparable. Through the day, in and out of the house, they go everywhere together. They share the same saucer of milk and to some extent the same food. They sleep in the same basket together, Edgar nestling in Tom's fur.

In the spring, when Tom lay quietly sleeping, Edgar became extremely busy, going in and out of the window, gathering twigs and laying them on top of Tom to build a nest, so that when the cat got up he had to shake himself free from a covering of twigs.

Now Edgar attends him wherever he goes, constantly cooing to him. Evidently it is the pigeon that has the devotion, and the cat an amiable toleration.

## WHY THE TRAIN STOPPED

One of our esteemed readers in Dorset sends us this true story of a railway ride he took in Central Africa.

The engine driver was an African. A lot of the time he was smiling. When he smiled he showed two rows of teeth that gleamed very white against the dark background of his jolly face.

His engine was puffing and panting its way among the mountains between the great middle plateau of Africa and the oceans that surround the Dark Continent. The train behind it was carrying some white folk, dressed in drill suits and light frocks, and a good many natives clothed in less.

#### An Uncomfortable Journey

The narrow-gauge line wound along the steep sides of the mountains. There were lovely river gorges and gorgeous tropical forests to look at. But the carriages were so narrow, the seats were so uncomfortable, the Sun was pouring down his tropical rays so fiercely (in fact, the temperature in those carriages was about 120 degrees), that none of the passengers seemed to be enjoying the beautiful scenery very much. They were too much occupied in mopping their brows and wishing the driver would make haste to get them somewhere where it would be cooler and they could get a wash.

Suddenly they were all jerked about in their seats. The train had begun to jolt and jar and bump and bang itself to a standstill. Whatever could be the matter? Those who looked out saw their engine driver leaning from his cab, shouting and beckoning to a native woman who stood at the edge of the forest. The woman was dressed in a length of printed calico twisted round her waist, and she was balancing a bunch of bananas on her head.

#### Two, Three, or Four

She walked toward the engine; and the driver jumped down, talking vigorously. By and by she put down the bananas and said something, holding up four fingers. He looked surprised and pained. "Gabble-gabble-gabble," he went, more vigorously; wagging his head and holding up two fingers.

The woman snorted with disgust, flashed her eyes angrily, shook her head, and held up four fingers. He waved his arms violently up and down and round about, and then, pointing at the bananas with one hand, again held up two fingers of the other. She looked at him with contempt, picked up the bunch, lifted it on to her head, and turned away.

He ran after her, swung her round by the shoulder, and, holding up three fingers, stuck them fiercely into her face. She jerked her arm free and shook four fingers violently at him. He spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness, turned away, and climbed on his engine.

#### Another Stop

The whistle hooted angrily. Those who had got out to stretch their legs rushed hastily for their carriages. Jerk! Bump! Hoot! Toot! Off again. After about two hundred yards the going began to be fairly smooth. The passengers were just beginning to wipe a fresh lot of cinders from their eyes when, with a series of bumps and bangs even worse than before, the train again jerked to a stop and began jolting backward. By the time the passengers had collected all the things that had fallen on their heads the train had stopped once more.

There was the woman, and there were the bananas, and there was the driver. And she was grinning and holding up three fingers. And he was grinning and fumbling at a knot in the fringe of his singlet. One, two, three. Into her hand he counts the coins.

She smiles and he laughs. He hoists the bunch of bananas into the cab and scrambles after them. The whistle blows joyfully again and again. Off go the train and the bananas.

## OLD AT FORTY Miseries of the Stone Age

Most people who are fond of speaking of the good old days would be very rueful if they found themselves suddenly transplanted back into them, and in nothing would they be worse off than in the services of the doctors.

The worst doctoring was probably in the Stone Age, and it took thousands of years to improve it, while there is every reason to believe that the Cave Man had quite as many diseases as the modern traveller by the tube train, and that they lasted him longer and did him more harm.

Some of the bones and skulls of Early Men who lived in the Swedish island of Gothland 5000 years ago have been examined by the Swedish doctors. The Gothland Cave Men suffered severely from rheumatism and from that most painful form of arthritis which produces swellings in the joints. They had dreadfully bad teeth, and the disease of the gums sometimes called pyorrhea was common among them.

They certainly suffered from scurvy and from rickets. That was owing to their diet of meat and fish without vegetables. The death-rate among children was far higher than in any modern slum; a man was old at forty, and did not often live beyond fifty.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

We can telephone from England to New York, but not to the Channel Islands.

A new artificial silk factory covering 32 acres is to be built at Spondon, in Derbyshire.

Two District Railway trains were held up on the Uxbridge line by a flock of sheep wandering on the track.

#### Bad Roads

Bad road surfaces accounted for 80 accidents out of 287 cases investigated by the Ministry of Transport.

#### Bringing Ireland Nearer

Arrangements are being made for the operation of a flying-boat service across the Irish Sea between Liverpool and Belfast.

#### Oil from Grape Seeds

A cheap oil can now be extracted from crushed grape seeds. Each 33 pounds of seeds gives about 13 quarts of oil.

#### Talking Over 7000 Miles

The longest telephone call in the Empire is now from London to Vancouver, 7000 miles. The charge is £3 16s. a minute.

#### The Slave's Child Gives Thanks

Descendants of African slaves placed a wreath on the statue of William Wilberforce, outside his birthplace at Hull, on the anniversary of his birth. The wreath was made at the British Legion poppy factory.

#### AUNT SALLY

Here is a specimen letter from those we have received about our comments on the ogre-like petrol pump.

No motorist has a word to say against the convenience of petrol pumps, but many of us are grateful for your efforts to drive away their ugliness.

I have just been along a Wiltshire road. First there was Seend, a village of a long street of houses of loveliest brickwork, fine in colour and for proportion, with a draping of creepers. Yet in the midst stands the glaring disfigurement of the red and yellow bogies.

Then at Avebury, where the great stones tell the traveller he is on the site of one of the most ancient of our relics of the past, he turns a corner and has the same outrage done to him.

On the other hand, I am told that at Castle Combe in the same county someone has pride enough to hide the pump behind a wall.

## TWO MEN AND A FIDDLE

### A Curious Story From a Grocer's Shop

#### CAUGHT IN HIS OWN NET

This story is true; the events really happened in a town in Dorset, and we tell the story that people may beware of thieves.

In a western town the other day a man entered a grocer's shop and asked if he might leave his violin for half an hour while he went to pay a call.

"Put it down," said the grocer, and took no more interest, until presently a strange customer entered.

"Oh," said he, after buying some biscuits, "is there a violin in that case? Might I look at it? I am keen on all violins!"

So he was allowed to look, and was told it had just been left for a time in the grocer's care.

"But what a violin!" breathed the stranger. "It's a beauty. Would you take thirty pounds for it?"

"It's not mine," said the grocer.

"But would you ask the fellow who owns it?" persisted the stranger.

"Wait and see him yourself."

"I cannot. I will call, however, this evening at six o'clock if you will convey my message to him."

#### A Bad Bargain

So the stranger left, and the grocer thought things over. He was rather a cunning fellow. By the time the man came to fetch his fiddle he was ready.

"Would you sell that violin?" he asked, adding "I would give you five pounds for it."

"I couldn't possibly part with it," declared the man.

"Well, would you take ten?"

"It is far too little."

"Twenty?"

"Hardly."

"Twenty-five?"

"Well, you are talking now; yes, I might take that. But I think it's a very good bargain for £25, mind you."

The deal was concluded, and the man departed. *But the stranger never came!*

The grocer was caught in his own net; and the thieves, who were, of course, in league, departed chuckling.

## NEW LIFE FOR THE OLD TORTOISE Preserving the Galapagos Giants

A very short time ago it seemed likely that when the giant Galapagos tortoises at the Zoo had lived out their long, slow lives there would be no more of them to be seen. Our grandchildren or great-grandchildren would know them only from photographs.

Like many of the other strange creatures of the globe, they were being extinguished by folly, or greed, or carelessness. The Galapagos tortoises are found only on the islands near the Equator which bear their name, and sixty years ago they were innumerable. In later days whaling ships carried them off for food by the thousand, and left behind a legacy of dogs, pigs, cats, and rats, which carried on the work of extermination by destroying the eggs.

When Dr. Townsend, of the New York Zoological Society, went to the Galapagos Islands a year ago he found that the tortoises had gone from all but a few islands, and there they had taken to the mountains.

The Galapagos tortoise is not of the build for a mountain climber, and this generation of his family would have been the last had not Dr. Townsend captured 180 of them and transported them in safety to places in South and Central America where they can live protected lives.



## THE ROMAN CAMPS OF ENGLAND

### AN ARCHITECT'S IDEA

Did the Roman Legions Survey the Whole Country?

### CHURCHES ON HISTORIC SITES

A very interesting theory respecting Roman remains in Britain is being developed by Mr. Percy Nash, a Norwich architect and surveyor.

Mr. Nash formerly superintended the fascinating excavations of the Roman baths in the city of Bath, and more recently has written on the signs of the Roman occupation that may be traced in the Roman district of Venta Icenorum, which covers about 125 square miles and includes Norwich; and he has now extended his research still farther afield over Roman Britain.

#### What the Corn Shows

Mr. Nash is for the moment making a special study of the Roman camp of Caistor St. Edmund, about three miles south of Norwich. The camp is an oblong tableland of about 35 acres, artificially raised and levelled over by the Romans; and is this year covered with corn. Surveyed from adjacent high land the green corn has shown in a remarkable degree regular white lines in it, as of carefully-spaced parallel ways crossing others at right angles. Probably if photographed from the air the lines would show even more clearly the original plan of the ancient camp.

The soil covering the ancient hard pathways being shallower than that of the rest of the camp, the roots of the corn in it do not obtain quite the same nutriment as the greater mass of the corn growing in the deeper soil; hence the pallor of the lines among the green. This interesting effect is, however, not noticeable to anyone standing on the level of the camp.

#### Three Greek Surveyors

This tracing of old tracks across moorlands that cannot be distinguished close at hand is a well-known fact which the C.N. has often pointed out, and the Caistor camp appears to furnish a striking illustration of the natural preservation of man's pathways of long ago.

But Mr. Nash uses the Caistor camp in support of a theory which has a very wide application. He contends that the Romans surveyed the whole of Roman Britain in a regular and most thorough manner. Pliny records the fact that three Greek surveyors were employed by the Romans to survey the whole Roman Empire, which they accomplished in 25 years, so that a Roman survey is no myth of the imagination. Their camps, Mr. Nash thinks, were similar in plan and were made at regular distances apart.

#### Churches as Guides

The permanent camps have survived, but not the temporary camps made at the end of each day's march. The camps were spaced along the alignments of the survey with smaller stations spaced on the lines between the camps for the erection of the surveyors' ranging poles, and these were enclosed for use as signalling stations from camp to camp.

The severe penalties for disturbing these during nearly four centuries of the Roman occupation caused them to acquire a sacred significance which has lasted to this day, for the further step in this theory is that as religious organisation succeeded ancient forms of faith churches were built on sites of historic prestige, such as these. Therefore the churches built on these Roman survey sites have afforded Mr. Nash invaluable guides to the direction of the lines of his Roman survey.

Mr. Nash considers the date of the beginning of this Roman survey to have been about A.D. 140, and that the boundary crosses during the succeeding

## YOUR LETTERS TO INDIA

### The Peril of the Post

#### HEROES WHO CARRY THE NEWS

Nothing may stop his Majesty's mails. Drop a letter in the pillar-box addressed to Gilgit, and it will cross the high passes of the mountains, spring or winter, without fail.

So much the annual report of the Indian post reminds us. Not a letter was lost, but there are other perils which the postman has to face when for a three-halfpenny stamp he takes the burden of our letter on his shoulders. Religious riots in Calcutta scattered the mails and, far worse, cost the lives of a motor-driver, a sorter, and a humble assistant deliverer of the letters.

Those were not the only sad accidents to which the Indian postman succumbed. Two officials were killed by tigers, one was struck by lightning, one was murdered, one fell off a train, and 33 died of plague. The Postal Department as a whole has its trials. In Burma the boy with a knack for mischief climbs the telegraph poles to smash the pottery insulators, and some of his elders are even worse, having an unsatisfied longing for copper wire, which they steal whenever they see a chance.

On the other hand, the forgetful Bengali or Madrassi posts, on an average, 96 articles a day without putting an address on them!

#### ZOO CAPTIVES

#### The Good and Bad Side of It

A reader who shudders to think of what some animals suffer before they reach the gardens where they are kept for show, and prays that the time is near when only stuffed wild beasts will be shown in zoos, sends us a harrowing account of a black panther now at the Belle Vue Zoo in Manchester.

The panther came in a box from Sumatra, and has been lurking in the dark recesses of its cage by day ever since it arrived, irreconcilable to conditions of captivity.

We sympathise greatly in such a case. No doubt there are animals so wild and fierce that captivity remains to them a terror, and to some of us the agony of their confinement seems intolerable. But it is not always so. A long Sunday spent recently in the London Zoo by kind-hearted people who care greatly for animals revealed a vast deal more of ease, enjoyment, and interest on the part of the acclimatised animals than they would have had probably in a normal state of freedom.

The very sensitive human heart is likely to attribute to the lower animal a greater power and tenacity of apprehension than it actually possesses. Unquestionably a large proportion of the denizens of the Zoo are quite at home and live a life of enjoyment rather than of fear, and if they had the choice would far rather be in the Zoo alive than as stuffed specimens.

Continued from the previous column

245 years had needed repair or reinstatement, which was carried out about A.D. 385. These dates are indicated by two Roman coins found on a very important centre where two main survey lines met, on which a church stands on a very solid foundation of typical Roman concrete. In the walls of the church is a large quantity of Roman bricks. The coins were in the Roman foundations. This custom we seem to have followed to this day.

These are theories of singular interest on which unprofessional opinion can have but little weight, but no doubt they will be carefully tested. In the meantime Mr. Nash's ingenious researches should have the effect of stimulating closer attention to the fascinating study of the old-time science by which the Roman legions made the conquest of Britain secure.

## CHANGES ON THE FARMS

### From Crops to Pasture

For 35 years now, except for a slight check during the war, the total acreage under crops and permanent pasture in England and Wales has been declining.

In the past ten years it has fallen, on an average, 140,000 acres a year. Last year the fall was 85,000 acres, more than the previous year but well under the average. Last year's total acreage was 25 millions, ten millions under crops and 15 under pasture. There were also nearly four million acres under rough grazing.

It is chiefly in the acreage under crops that the decrease has occurred; and here last year's reduction was almost double the previous year's. The acreage under pasture, on the other hand, has increased.

All livestock except horses has shown a substantial increase. Pigs, which were going down, have increased half a million, and dairy cattle have reached a record, producing over 1150 million gallons of milk. About 2150 million eggs were produced, the farms yielding 75 per cent more than they did 20 years ago. These figures would be more satisfactory still if foxes were not preserved.

## TWELVE RULES FOR CHINA

### Helping on the Race

In all the parts of China which have been conquered by the Nationalist Army placards have been posted up bearing twelve new commandments.

Here are the maxims which the conquerors hope will lead China to a new and glorious life:

1. Reverence the path of virtue
2. Swear to cleanse the nation's shame
3. Rid yourself of superstitious beliefs
4. Buy and use your country's goods
5. Diligently repair roads
6. Plentifully plant trees
7. Give up tobacco, wine, and gambling
8. Cultivate diligence and simple living
9. Drill the body to strength and perfection
10. Secure education for all
11. Prohibit the binding of women's feet
12. Pay strict attention to cleanliness

Most of these rules seem very sensible, but they are not clear enough to be safe and satisfying. The Ministry of the Interior has amplified them by a host of other rules and regulations. It is interesting to notice that whereas English youths may not smoke before 16 Chinese youths may not smoke before 20. They usually marry at 17 or 18.

## WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH IT?

### A Millionaire's £4,000,000

Millionaires have their troubles, though their millions are not usually reckoned among them. But if the millions are a worry there is a way out, as has been shown by Mr. Julius Rosenwald, who is a philanthropist as well as a millionaire. He is setting aside a fund of four of his millions to be given away.

This £4,000,000 is not to be invested so as to grow. The whole of it is to be given away in 25 years, and the trustees are to see that it is spent on "the welfare of mankind."

What is mankind to do with it or to get out of it? The prevention of disease, the building of hospitals, the abolition of slums, the endowment of schools—all would do good.

What would do most harm? A sum of £4,000,000 would barely build two battleships and would not keep an army of a million men in the field for a week. If this sum, so valuable in peace, so insignificant in war, could only be applied to abolish war for 25 years the world would be better than ever it has been in all its history.

## A LITTLE WHITE WORLD

### HOW TO SEE VESTA

Tiny Planet On Which We Could Leap Over St. Paul's

### HAS IT AN ATMOSPHERE?

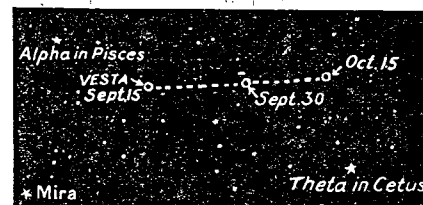
By the C.N. Astronomer

A little world, that may, ages ago, have been part of a planet as large as Mars or the Earth is now in the south-east sky late in the evening. It is Vesta, now almost at her nearest to us and about 125 million miles away.

She appears some way to the right of Jupiter, in the constellation of Cetus. Her position may be easily located with the aid of our star map. The region of the sky there indicated on a large scale may be found by referring to last week's star map of Cetus.

Vesta's path lies between Alpha in Pisces and Theta in Cetus; but as she, although at her brightest, appears of only 6½ magnitude field-glasses are required to see her.

The star map includes all stars down to the seventh magnitude, those beyond the sixth, and therefore of naked-eye visibility, being shown as dots. The path of this little world among those



The path of Vesta in the next month

stars may, therefore, be easily traced, though moonlight will be a disadvantage for a few nights.

But few people ever see Vesta; it is, therefore, very fascinating to get a glimpse of a planet so small that she could be placed inside England, her diameter being, according to Professor Barnard, only 243 miles.

One is inclined to wonder what conditions must be like on such a world. An express train could travel all round it in 12 hours; if a rifle-bullet were fired upward from Vesta's surface it would fly off into space, never to return. Such a world could be gradually blown away.

Owing to the small gravitational pull on Vesta it would be quite easy to jump over anything on it as high as St. Paul's Cathedral. To step off a high mountain into the valley below, or to trip from peak to peak, could be done quite gracefully and with comparative ease, so light and feathery should we have become on Vesta. Indeed, everything would be amazingly light in weight, and so would require fixing down.

All depends, however, on whether it is possible for such a world to have an atmosphere. It appears to be not possible.

#### Clouds or Ice?

But Vesta is an exceedingly white world, with a surface as brilliant as that of Venus, which is covered in clouds; this accounts for the high albedo, or reflective power, of Venus. So either Vesta is covered in clouds, and therefore possesses an atmosphere under unknown circumstances, or she must be covered in some white material, such as ice, snow, or crystals like quartz.

Conditions on such a tiny planet are all a great problem; but we know that at Vesta's distance from the Sun, on an average 219 million miles, the Sun's diameter appears considerably less than half it does to us; therefore for Vesta to be a little frozen world is not improbable.

But the balance of evidence is in favour of a white crystalline surface that rotates every few hours during Vesta's long year of 1326 of our days; so Vesta has day and night as our own world.

G. F. M.



# THE CAPTIVE OF THE HILLS

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 22 Forty Speaks Out

BART had about two seconds in which to make up his mind what to do. He did not take more than one. Dropping his gun, he ran straight at Roger, seized him round the waist, and flung himself and Roger both right over the high bank into the river below.

Roger had not time to yell before the water closed over his head. It was very cold and about six feet deep, and both went to the bottom together.

Roger had not even seen Bart, and thought it was the gorilla that had got him. Mad with fright and half-drowned, he struggled so furiously that Bart could not hold him. He was forced to let go and the two of them came up together.

Bart's first thought as he got his head up was for the gorilla, but he could see nothing of the beast. And while he was looking up a fist suddenly caught him an awful smack on the jaw, and Roger shouted furiously, "I'll teach you to treat me like that."

Bart was so amazed that all he could do was to strike out and try to get away out of the other's reach; but Roger swam after him. His face was white with anger and his eyes glittered dangerously.

All of a sudden there came a crashing report from the bank above, followed by such a fiendish roar that even Roger stopped short, and, grasping a root which stuck out from the bank, hung there, breathing hard.

"What's that?" he gasped.

Bart did not answer. He was too angry and disgusted. He swam hard down to the end of the pool, and as soon as he was in his depth clambered cautiously up and peered over the rim of the bank. The first thing he saw was the gorilla writhing on the ground.

The next thing, someone came running from the direction of the camp. It was Murdoch carrying a rifle. One shot ended the struggles of the gorilla; then Murdoch saw Bart, and, striding across, gave him a hand up.

"Where's Norcross?" he asked, adding, "What's wrong with your face? It's bleeding!"

"I got that for trying to save him," said Bart curtly.

Murdoch looked hard at Bart for he had never seen him so upset.

"What happened?" he asked, and Bart told him.

Murdoch grunted.

"That fellow is the limit," he remarked. "But never mind him, Bart. What I want to know is how you finished the gorilla."

"I don't know," said Bart. "I thought you had shot him."

Murdoch went up to the dead beast and his eyes widened.

"He shot himself," he said.

"Shot himself!" repeated Bart in amazement.

"Yes, picked up your gun because it was the only thing he could see to vent his rage on, started twisting it up, somehow pulled the trigger and—well, look at it!"

He held up the gun and Bart saw that the strong steel barrels were twisted like corkscrews. This had been done before the triggers fell and the result was that both barrels had exploded with awful results to the wretched gorilla.

Bart fairly gasped.

"Did the gorilla do that?" came Roger's voice in unusually subdued accents. He had climbed out of the river and was standing, dripping, by the other two.

Murdoch turned on him.

"Yes," he said bitterly. "And that's what he'd have done to you, Norcross, if Bart hadn't had the pluck and presence of mind to do

what he did. And by way of reward you strike him in the jaw. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I—I didn't understand," faltered Roger. "I'm sorry."

"And so you ought to be," snorted Murdoch. "Come on, Bart. You'll want a change and ten grains of quinine after that ducking."

The carriers were tremendously impressed by the killing of the gorilla. They all went out to look at the dead monster, and they chattered away over their fire that night.

"Cheered them up no end, Bart," said Murdoch. "They are more scared of these big apes than they are of lions or even leopards, and the mere fact that you've killed one has done 'em heaps of good. Ain't I right, Forty?"

"Dat's right, baas," said the big nigger. "Dey tink it change de luck."

Apparently it had, for next day they reached open country with coarse grass and patches of bush, and suddenly Aruki who was leading pulled up and pointed to tracks.

"M'boga!" he said sharply.

Murdoch snatched his rifle from a boy and hurried forward. The tracks disappeared in a patch of scrub and suddenly a black mass showed through it. Murdoch fired, and a huge beast came plunging out and fell in a heap almost at his feet. It was a great bull buffalo weighing half a ton or more. The boys fell on it like hungry wolves, skinned and cut it up.

But meat will not keep in African heat, and at the end of the third day food was shorter than ever and they were in desert country where the only game was snakes and lizards.

"Never mind," said Mr. Bryson. "If we can stick it out for another day we shall be at our old camp. Then there'll be plenty to eat."

The next day was hotter than ever, and it is hard work marching on an empty stomach. But toward evening Bart saw a hill that he recognised and pointed it out to Murdoch.

"That's good!" exclaimed the tall Scot. "My word! We'll have a feed tonight."

Weary as they were, they all hurried forward, their minds full of a real supper with biscuits and tinned stuff and hot coffee.

It was quite dark when they reached the camp, only to find an empty space. No tents, no boys, no food! The white men were too dismayed to speak. It was Forty who voiced their feelings.

"Dem dirty niggers, dey run away," he growled. "But dey'll suah be sorry when I catches dem."

## CHAPTER 23

### The Rogue

It was all very well to talk of catching the runaway boys: the question was how to do it. The boys had taken the canoes and they might be anywhere by now. That night, over a meal made up of scraps of very high meat, a council was held, and it was decided that the only chance was to make for Lumbwa's kraal.

"No use following the river," said Mr. Bryson; "we must cut across country. We shall surely find game enough to keep us alive, and Lumbwa will give us canoes to chase those miserable boys."

So it was decided, and next morning they tightened their belts and went on, taking a compass course across strange and very barren country. The farther they got the worse it looked. It was flat, covered with stones, with here and there a patch of grass dried and burned with drought. Toward midday they saw a small herd of roan antelope, but there was no cover, and the creatures went right away. That night they were too hungry to sleep.

Next morning Bart saw by his father's face that matters were pretty bad. Mr. Bryson thought they had better get back to the river, where they might at any rate get some fish, but Murdoch pointed ahead to a line of low hills.

"Come there, Bryson," he said. "And not as far as the river."

Mr. Bryson considered a while, then nodded. "You ought to know, Murdoch. Come on."

The heat was terrible as they tramped toward those hills, and before they reached them Murdoch collapsed. Hard marching and starvation on top of the terrible hardships he had gone through when a slave to Kasoro had been too much for him. Mr. Bryson laid him down under a scrubby acacia and spoke to Bart.

"Go on, Bart, and see if you can find game. Forty and I will look after Murdoch."

"All right, Dad," said Bart, and went on. To his surprise Roger came too. Roger had hardened a lot in the past week, and now looked fitter than any of them. But if his muscles had improved that was more than could be said for his temper, and he still seemed to hold the same grudge against Bart.

The hills were only a mile or so away, but Africa is full of surprises, and all of a sudden the two found themselves on the edge of a deep gorge which cut them off from the hills beyond. Roger was furious.

"This country's always playing some mad joke on one," he growled. "How do you think we are to get to those hills?"

Bart caught him by the arm. "Shut up! The game is not in the hills, it's down there. I saw something move."

"Are you going down?"

"Yes. Wait here if you're scared."

Slinging his rifle over his shoulder, Bart went over the edge. It was steep, but the rocks were broken and Bart was too hungry to think of danger. As he swung from ledge to ledge he looked up and saw Roger following.

The flat bottom of the ravine was covered with thick bush. There was a small stream in the middle and the bush was full of game trails. Bart signed to Roger to go silently and crept forward.

Something stirred; he saw a dark object bolting across the trail, flung up his rifle and fired.

"You got him," cried Roger, and both ran forward, to find a huge, hairy beast resembling an immense pig but with a head twice as big, and great curved tusks, lying stone dead in the grass.

"A wart hog!" said Bart. "My word, what luck!"

"Roast pork!" remarked Roger with glee. "What do we do now?"



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"Cut up the carcass and hang it out of reach of hyaenas," answered Bart, taking out his knife.

"Let's have a drink first," said Roger. "I'm as dry as a bone."

Bart nodded, and they made across for the brook. They were kneeling down drinking the clear, cool water when the silence was broken by a shriek like that of a steam whistle, and the bush crashed under the charge of some beast.

"What's that?" cried Roger, springing up.

"An elephant," said Bart swiftly as he snatched up his rifle. "A rogue, by the sound of him."

"There he is!" gasped Roger as a vast grey bulk bore down on them. The giant stood twelve feet at the shoulder, his trunk was held high in air, and his little pig-like eyes glowed like red fire.

Bart waited till the terror was within twenty yards, then fired. As the bullet thudded home the elephant came to its knees with a crash that shook the ground. Bart tried to fire again, but the last cartridge had jammed so that he could not force a fresh one into the breech; Roger had no rifle at all.

"He's getting up again," cried Roger in horrified tones.

It was true. The elephant was struggling up and Bart knew that they must run. A precious slim chance, but the only one.

"Come," he snapped, and, splashing through the stream, the two tore away through the bush, the elephant hard at their heels.

If the great beast had been angry before he was now insane with rage, and he smashed through the thick bush like a steamroller.

"Can't we climb a tree?" panted Roger as he raced alongside Bart.

"None big enough. Besides, no time. Find a hole in the rocks. That's our only chance."

The far cliff towered before them, steep as a wall, and the ground at its base was littered with great rocks fallen from above. In and out among these rocks the two plunged and twisted. The rocks checked the elephant, but did not stop him. He meant to have them. Bart's breath was whistling in his throat, great drops of sweat nearly blinded him, there was a nasty singing in his ears.

Suddenly he caught sight of a dark patch in the cliff side. It was a hole in the rock face, but he could not tell whether it was a mere hollow or a cave. He pointed to it. "In there!" he cried, and Roger flung himself into it.

As Bart followed he put his left foot on a loose stone and came down. He felt the elephant's trunk whistle past his head as he fell, but the great creature was going too fast to stop, and Bart managed to roll over and tumble in after Roger.

It was a cave, a real cave, and somehow Bart picked himself up and struggled a score of paces inward, then dropped again almost fainting with pain, while the elephant stamped and trumpeted madly outside.

"And now we're worse off than ever," Roger complained bitterly.

"You're alive anyhow," retorted Bart.

"What's the good of that? We can't get away with that crazy brute outside. We shall simply stick here and starve."

Bart did not answer and Roger at last looked at him.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Sprained my ankle," said Bart faintly, but presently he pulled himself together and looked round. "Roger," he said, "this is a big cave, and there may be some other way out. Have you got matches?"

"Yes."

"Well, go in farther and see if you can find a way out. Or you may find a passage that takes you to the top of the cliff, and then you can cross the valley higher up. If you can get out tell my father. He will know what to do."

Roger sat frowning and Bart wondered what he was thinking in that queer mind of his. At last he got up. "All right," he said grudgingly. "I'll try."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Who Was He?

## The Most Famous Fisherman

PEOPLE who fish in streams are a special kind of people. They are patient folks with quiet minds. You must be like that to be a good angler.

They are recruited from all classes. The most famous of all fishers was a London ironmonger who, having fished and written his way into a modest but lasting fame, died in the precincts of a great cathedral, and lies there in honour.

He wrote the classic English book about fishing, and by that will be chiefly remembered; but he wrote a good deal besides, and it all shows how suitable it is that he should be buried in a cathedral. For next to fishing he loved hearing about good Church of England men and writing their lives.

When he kept a shop in Fleet Street he was a vestryman at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, close by his shop, and was intimate with its vicar the Rev. John Donne, who had been very much unlike a clergyman, but changed his behaviour, and became a good poet, a popular preacher, and Dean of St. Paul's. His life the ironmonger wrote, forgetting what had been unworthy in Donne's youth. He wrote other lives of men who had nothing to hide—good George Herbert and Bishop Hooker and Sir Henry Wotton, and others.

You might suppose from this dear old angler's writings that all his associates were gentle and pious and lovely in their lives; but as a citizen he sided strongly with the Stuart kings, shut his eyes to their misdeeds, and went away from London to his beloved fishing when his political friends became outrageous.

It was not till he was 60 years old that he published his *Compleat Angler*, or *The Contemplative Man's Recreation*. The sub-title gives the tone of the book. It is as much about the fisher's contemplation as about his use of the fishing-rod. He was far from being an expert fisherman. A clever fisherman now would smile at his ways. Yet he would feel that the odd old gentleman had truly imbibed the spirit of the patient sport.

This pioneer writer on angling was born at Stafford, and specially loved to fish in the Dove stream. He had married into the Church, so to speak, for his first wife was a descendant of Cranmer, and his second wife a relative of Bishop Ken, who wrote the *Morning and Evening Hymns*. The last quiet years of his long life were spent at Winchester, where he died in 1633, and in them he continued adding pieces to his famous book. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



to his famous book. Here is his portrait. Who was he?







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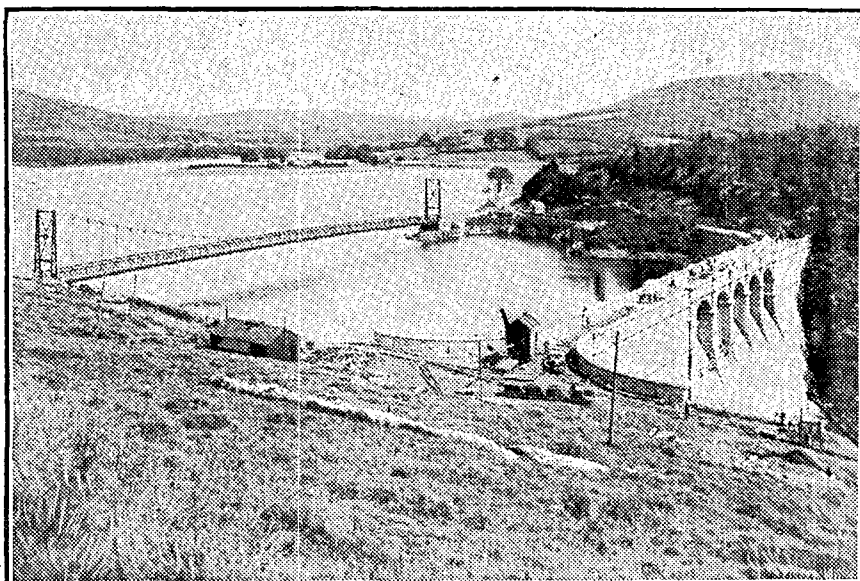
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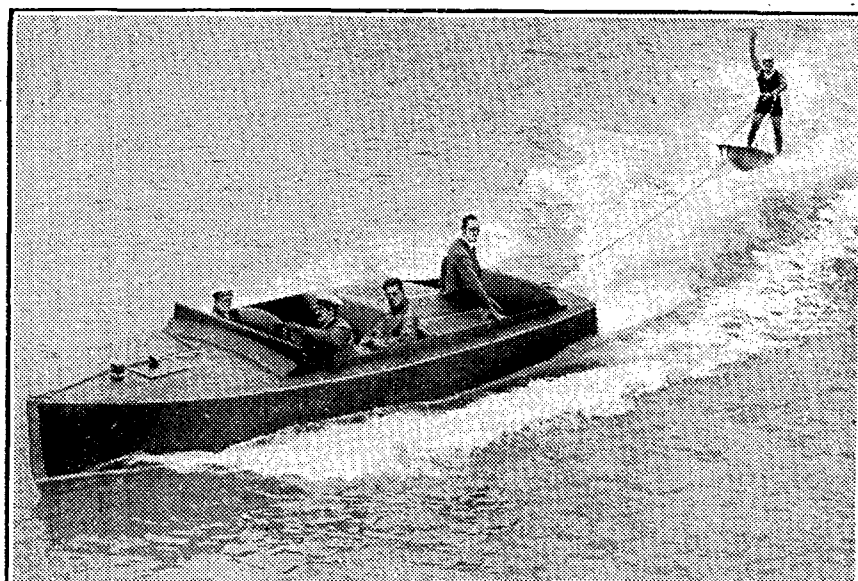
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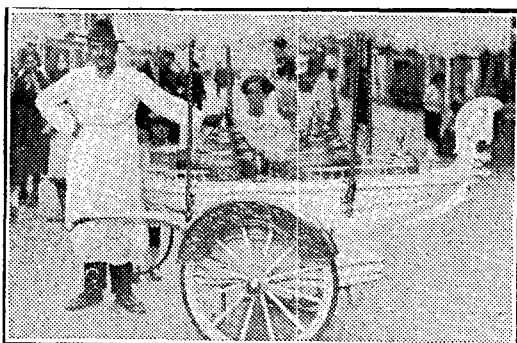
## RAISING A LAKE • A LESSON TO LITTER LOUITS • MOTORING IN AFRICA



**Raising a Lake**—In order to increase Plymouth's water reserve the level of Burrator Lake on Dartmoor has been raised ten feet by building up the dam shown here. The temporary suspension bridge had to be built while the work was being done.



**An Exciting Ride**—The sport of riding a plank attached by a rope to a motor-boat has become very popular at many holiday resorts. This picture from Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, shows a girl skimming over the sea at 40 miles an hour.



**A New Gondola in Venice**—The familiar box-tricycle of the English ice-cream seller is not nearly so attractive as this gondola-shaped cart seen in a street of Venice.



**A Lesson to Litter Louits**—This baby African elephant at the London Zoo is certainly not going to be classed among the Litter Louits. Here he is seen trying a new broom outside his home.



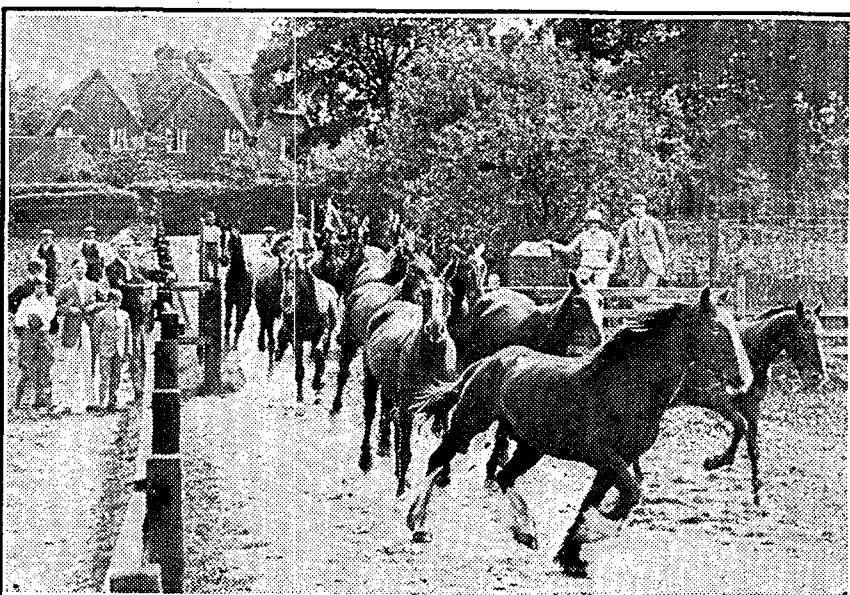
**Motoring in Africa**—The motor-car now goes almost anywhere. Here we see a group of Masai warriors of Tanganyika, who no doubt wish this car were their own.



**Bathing in the Thames**—With the summer drawing to a close the bathing season will soon be over, so these girls at Kingston are making the most of a sunny day.



**The Milkman's Donkey**—Such sights as this are more common on the Continent than in England. This picture, however, was taken in the Colne Valley, Yorkshire.



**Horses in a Hurry**—After their morning exercise the horses at a remount depot at Witley have a splendid appetite, as we see by this picture of them trotting for their midday meal.



**Happy Young Holidaymakers**—It is obvious from the smiles of these children on holiday in Kent that they have thoroughly enjoyed themselves while gathering flowers in the meadows.

## CECIL RHODES AND WHAT HE DID—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, The Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R